Vol. CXXIX. No. 1683.

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THE BYSTANDER, MARCH 18, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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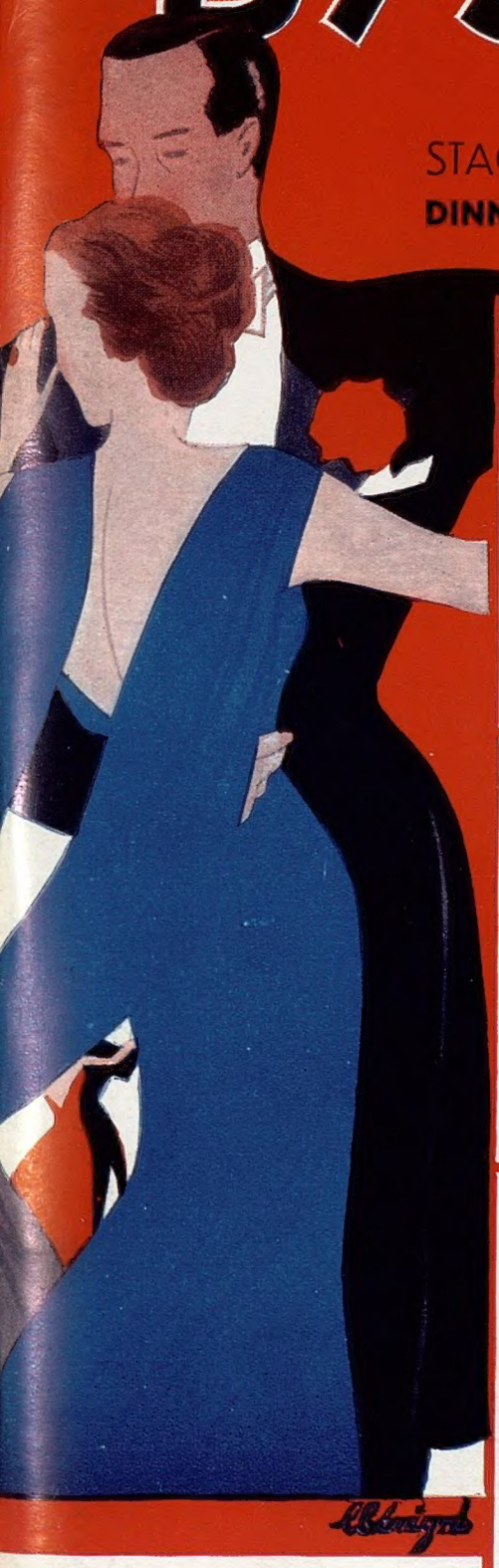

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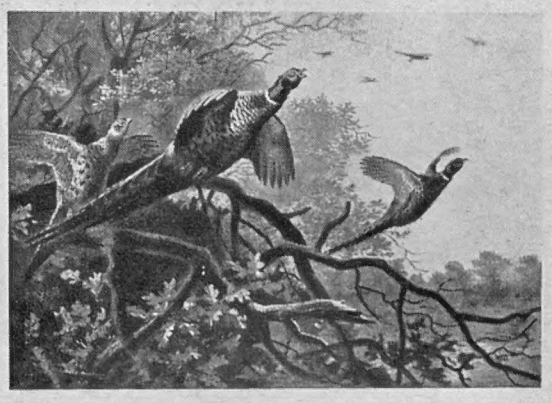

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(*Size* 20″ x 30″—*plate sunk*)

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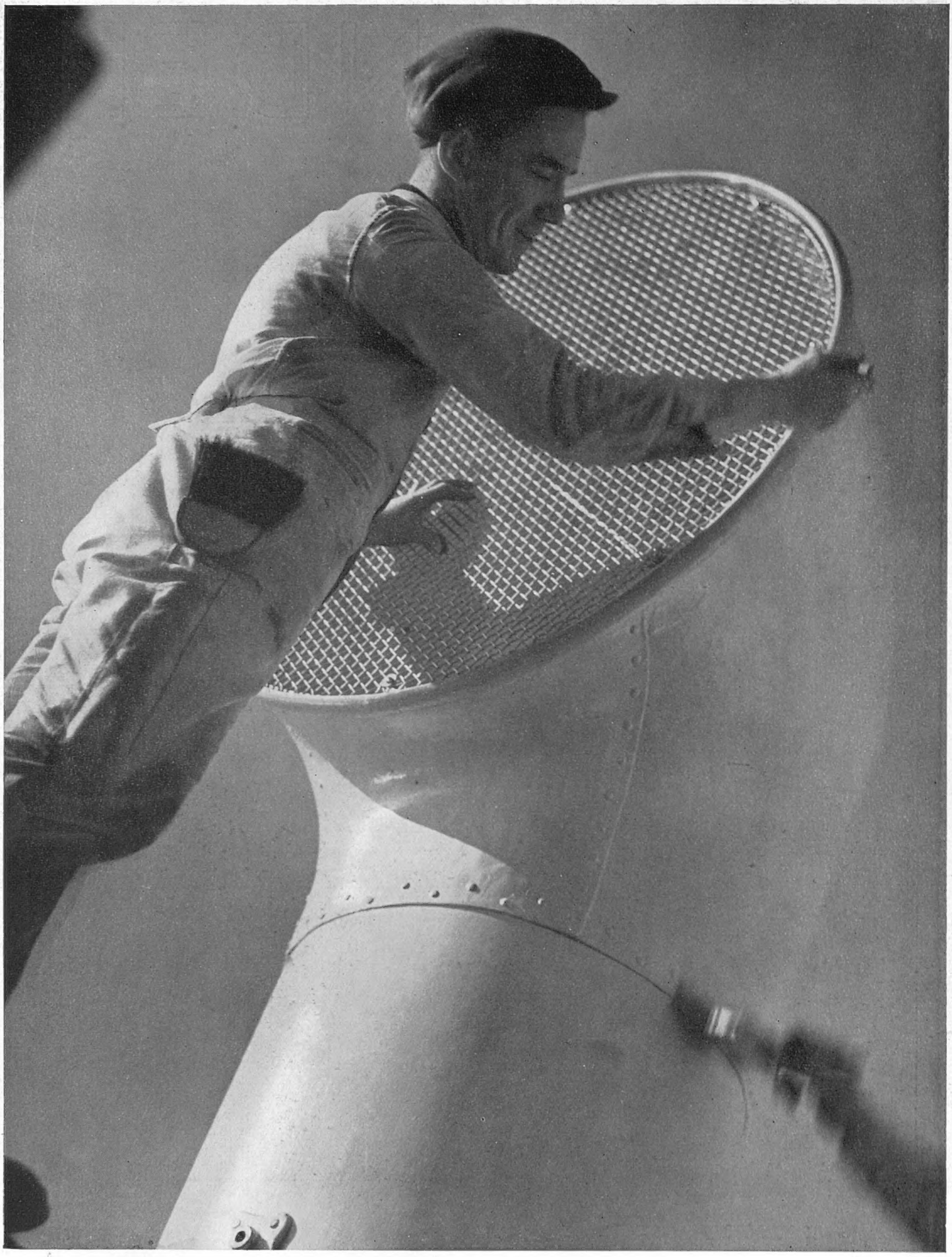
The Bystander, March 18, 1936 No. 1683. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

The Viscountess Harcourt

Lady Harcourt was the Hon. Maud Elizabeth Grosvenor before her marriage in 1931, and is the present Lord Ebury's only sister. Her husband is the second Viscount; he succeeded his father when he was fourteen, in 1922. They have two daughters, Elizabeth and Penelope, live in Eaton Place when they are in London, and at Nuneham Park, near Oxford



Ship's Painter

Norman Parkinson visited the "Queen Mary" while the finishing touches of exterior paint and polish were being put on her before she goes to Southampton for interior decoration. This is one of his pictures, three more of which appear further on in this issue

Schall, Paris

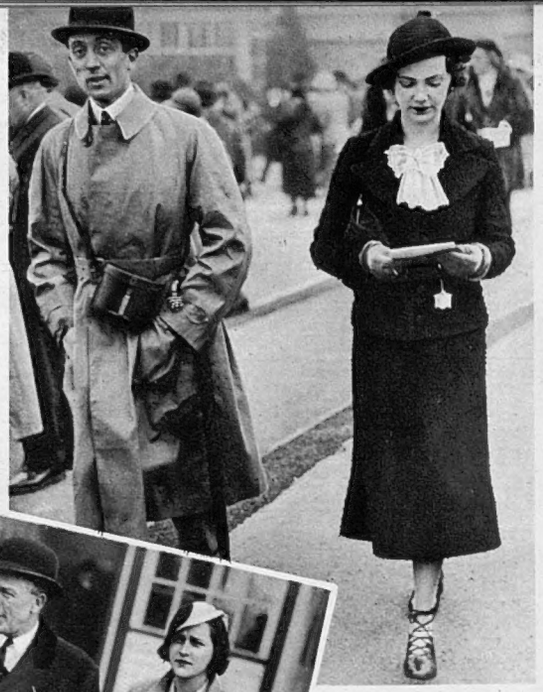
Hitler—Trouble-Maker or Peace-Maker?

"We have made the world the most generous offer ever expressed in history. . . . I know that it is in Germany's and the world's interests to have twenty-five years of peace. . . . The offer, if rejected, will not be made again." That was Hitler's own view of the seven proposals that accompanied his treaty-breaking Rhineland coup. The rest of Europe thought rather differently and peace hung on a trembling thread of negotiation. Only Mussolini could smile, having replaced Hitler on the European fence as soon as the Führer stepped down for the Rhineland march

Cheltenham Picture

The National Hunt Meeting Brought All the Regulars Out

Lord and Lady Radnor had their Cheltenham photograph taken on the big day, when Pucka Belle won the National Hunt Steeplechase. They live at Longfold Castle, near Salisbury



Mrs. Eion Merry, who was Jean Crichton, was with her Horse Guards husband, and looked as neat as anyone at the meeting

Mrs. David Forbes was another neat dresser in her lambskin coat and check suit and hat. She is a Henderson, the late Hon. Arnold Henderson's elder daughter

Sir Louis Greig and Mrs. Marshall Field made a journey to the paddock together

Above: Miss Ruth Primrose and the Hon. Charles Wood look an attractive engaged couple at race meetings or anywhere else; they are being married next month

Below, right: Lady Elizabeth Murray kept the black-and-white check fashion going, and had Mr. Patrick Winnington as escort

Right: Mr. Vivian Jackson, whose double interests are horses and science, is with Lady Mary Lygon

The Hon. Daphne Pearson, Lord Cowdray's younger sister, Miss Daphne Henderson, Mrs. David Forbes' sister, and Mr. Peter Oldfield made up this trio

Mr. Warden and the Comtesse de Brantes watched a race together; she is Lord Granard's elder daughter, was Lady Moira Forbes

Above: are Lord and Lady Londesborough; they were married last September, and she was Marigold Lubbock

Gallery

Below: Major Noel Furlong and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Furlong all looked very cheerful. Frank Furlong rode his National mount, Reynoldstown, into first place in the Shaun Spadah Steeplechase at Lingfield on the Saturday before

Lady Lettice Cotterell and her sisters are always an important part of the Cheltenham landscape. This particular view of her was with Sir Richard Sykes

Debutantes of 1936

Six More Budding Socialites

Miss Bridget Smiley

Bridget Smiley is the daughter of the late Captain Hubert Smiley and Mrs. Denton Carlisle. Through her father, Bridget Smiley is a cousin of Sir Hugh Smiley, and through her mother, a granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Gill. She is eighteen this year

Left :

Miss Patricia Udny

Patricia Udny is the only child of the late Sir Richard Udny, K.C.S.I., and Lady Udny. She is working at the London Theatre Studio, and will join the throng of this year's debutantes in their "unofficial" season. Her mother has a house at 111a, Warwick Road, S.W.5

Photographs by Bertram Park, Fayer of Vienna and Halksworth Wheeler, Folkestone

Miss Sonia Carr

Miss Joan Flannery

Joan Fortescue Flannery is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Flannery, who live at 11, Chester Place, W.2. Her father is the eldest son of Sir Fortescue Flannery, Bart., and the late Lady Flannery ; her mother is a well-known writer

Left, above : Sonia Carr is another debutante whose presentation may have to wait till next year. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carr, who live at Jacques Court, near Canterbury, and who gave a dance for her in January at the Hyde Park Hotel. Miss Carr is a fine horsewoman

Miss Marit Guinness

Marit Guinness gets her name from Norway like her sisters Helga and Ingrid—her mother, Mrs. Samuel Guinness, is a Norwegian by birth. No. 6, Cheyne Walk, where the Guinnesses live, is an eighteenth-century house, standing on part of Henry VIII.'s old manor

Miss Marjorie Duncan

Right : Marjorie Duncan has been educating abroad most of her time so far. Now she returns for the season to 53, Cadogan Square, where her mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan, lives ; Mrs. Duncan was Miss Parks, of Boston, U.S.A., before her marriage

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Welcome Recovery

A LEICESTERSHIRE friend of mine tells me that this year's hunting season has been the worst of all his forty-five years' experience. The Murray Smiths (Ulrica Thynne that was) are already back from their honeymoon, and are to be seen out regularly with the Fernie and neighbouring packs. A lovely addition to the followers of these hounds next season will be Miss Pamela Gillilan, who, although she has been so seriously ill, is now well on the road to recovery. My informant tells me that she looks so well and so pretty that it is impossible to believe that she has been on her back for eighteen months. Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher have been wintering in India with Lord and Lady Willingdon and various Maharajahs, among them the Maharajah of Nepal. Lady Zia is one of the Joint Masters of the Fernie Hounds.

A Clash of Mauve

THREE members of the Poulett family attended the opening of the new Grosvenor House show—the Earl, his wife, and his sister, who, if possible, is looking more beautiful than ever since her return from America.

Mr. Stephen Raphael was a host that night at one of those superior top tables, three women in his party appearing in clashing shades of mauve. Lady Warwick's was the best dress of the three, and it suited her brunette beauty to perfection.

Good-bye to Black

WE are wearing colours again, let there be *no* doubt about that. Even at the Ritz at luncheon, where people in high places foregather, you see a few quiet colours among the black-garbed crowd.

Mrs. Archie Campbell popped in to say "Hullo" to various friends. She was wearing a blue suit that exactly matched her eyes, and looking the picture of health and high spirits after a long illness and slow convalescence in the sunny South.

One of the prettiest women in the room there the other day was Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, who has been sojourning in St. Moritz since her return from America.

Speaking of America

SPEAKING of that country reminds us that Bobbie Sweeny sailed last week in the Berengaria on a business trip and

The Viscountess Tiverton

The Editor of the BYSTANDER wishes to offer his sincerest apologies to Viscountess Tiverton for the paragraph which appeared in the issue of the BYSTANDER of March 4th, 1936, on page 398, in which it was stated that she was divorced. This statement was made in error and is untrue.

Mr. A. Leeson and Miss Avis Cayzer

The Hon. Robert Dundas and Miss Margaret Ross

The Hon. Robert Dundas and Margaret Connell Ross were married at Alloway Church in Ayrshire. Robert Dundas is the younger son of the late Lord Melville and Lady Melville, of Melville Castle, Midlothian, and a brother of the present Viscount. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Ross, of Monkwood House, Ayrshire

Left: Alister Leeson, son of the late Captain Leeson and Mrs. Ledingham, of Ashtead Grange, Leatherhead, married Avis Cayzer at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the late Arthur Cayzer's daughter, cousin of Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P., and niece of Countess Jellicoe

Mr. G. Scott-Plummer and Miss Sylvia Davidson

Another Scottish wedding this week was between Gavin Scott-Plummer and Sylvia Davidson, at Murrayfield Church, Edinburgh. He is the son of the late Joseph Scott-Plummer and Mrs. Meade, and his brother Humphrey married the Hon. Pamela Balfour in 1933. The Hon. Ursula Balfour is next to the bridegroom (left); on the other side are the Hon. David Balfour and Miss Sheila Ogilvie

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and Lady Ashley were married ten days ago in Paris and then left for Spain to take a four-square honeymoon with the Leonard Govetts. They are both great travellers, so a trip to China will be nothing out of the way for them—Douglas Fairbanks is to make a new film, "Marco Polo," out there

Swaebe

First First-Nighters

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender were at the first — eight o'clock — first-night of Charlot's Revue, "The Town Talks." Lady Warrender's muff and collar-wreath were made out of real living violets — pity the picture isn't coloured

Lord Moynihan and His Grandson

Going Out to Goings-On *(Continued)*

to play in the Master's Tournament at Atlanta, Georgia, that Frank Rediker arrived on the Bremen, he says, for a week-end, and that Mrs. Barbara Walsh gave a house-warming cocktail-party in Eaton Square the other day. She returned a couple of weeks ago after a six-months' visit to New York, and is looking forward to going back to her lovely old house, Waldridge Manor, near Aylesbury, which she let for the hunting season to Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian, one of the few men we know who affects a small orchid as a buttonhole.

A Parti Carré

A JOINT honeymoon is a novel idea, indulged in at the moment by "Doug" and his bride and the Leonard Govetts.

They have reached Barcelona at the time of going to press, and we have not heard whether the Govett half of the party are proceeding to China or returning to England. Mrs. Govett is an American with a host of friends in London, and was a witness at the Fairbanks' wedding.

Riviera Honeymoon

NEWS of another honeymoon couple reaches us from the Riviera, where Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye are staying at Capt. Molyneux's lovely villa at Cap d'Ail, which he has lent them for a month as a wedding present. Herr Kreisler and Mr. Sidney Beer lunched at the villa the other day, the latter's appointment as conductor of one of the best orchestras in Budapest being a matter for general congratulations.

Other items of Riviera gossip are that Lord Queensberry seemed to be raking in the shekels at the new double roulette on the day he arrived. His is a flying visit, as he is joining Lady Queensberry at Malaga in Spain, where we hear the weather is heaven.

Miscalculated His Expenses

THAT indefatigable traveller, writer and lecturer, Mr. William Teeling, is back after wandering all over the globe for eighteen months. He told us that having miscalculated his expenses, he arrived home with exactly fivepence in his pocket and had to rely upon the porter at his club to pay his taxi! Except for an attack of jaundice in Pekin, his latest expedition seems to have been a singularly interesting experience, and will doubtless provide ample material for the book he is just beginning.

He told us an amusing story of Lady Louis Mountbatten, who, at some civic function at Melbourne, met half-a-dozen delegates from various up-country stations.

Much impressed with her beauty, poise and dignity, the Mayor of somewhere said afterwards, "And would you believe it, that plucky little lady was not in the least shy or frightened."

Left: Lord Moynihan is holding Anthony Patrick Andrew Cairnes Berkeley Moynihan—his grandson, who was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Anthony's parents are the Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Moynihan, and Kathleen, Duchess of Newcastle, was one of his sponsors. He is wearing the Maltese lace christening robe in which Lord Moynihan was christened seventy-one years ago

A Good-Looking Trio

WOMEN seem to enjoy lunching out together in both large and small batches. A good-looking trio at Quaglino's one day last week consisted of Miss Rosemary Robertson, Miss Jeanne Stourton and Miss Irene Mann-Thompson. Mrs. Sieff and the Countess Stom, whose silver hair is immensely becoming, were lunching together that day, and Miss Diana Mainwaring, who was with Mr. de Marvitz, was being congratulated on her recent recovery from appendicitis.

More Men Than Usual

A VERY good dress show and cocktail-party was given at the shop which was started by the Countess of Hardwick before her marriage. It is now in the capable hands of Miss Kit Dunn, whose friends turned up in force.

Mrs. James Beck, wearing a "Mary Stuart" bonnet, Lady Anne Rhys, in a white satin hat, Lady Alington, Lady Mary Dunn and Lady Oranmore and Brown were all there, also more men than one usually sees at this sort of party.

Prince Weikersheim, who has just announced his engagement to Princess "Poupée" Windisch-Graetz, the Hon. Hamish Erskine and Mr. Mark Ogilvie Grant were among those interested in both the models and the martinis.

A Pirate-Party

OUR mail this week includes a letter from Tuckers Island, Bermuda, an apparently enchanting spot that belongs to Mrs. Woolley-Hart. It is about five miles from Hamilton, and a super motor yacht is an adequate means of connection with the land.

Entertaining in Bermuda has been of the subdued kind during the general mourning, but our correspondent informs us that Mrs. Woolley-Hart is planning an elaborate pirate-party on her Island next year. Her lovely gardens full of tropical plants and caves sound like an extremely attractive setting for one of "Vivienne's" super parties.

A Triumph for June

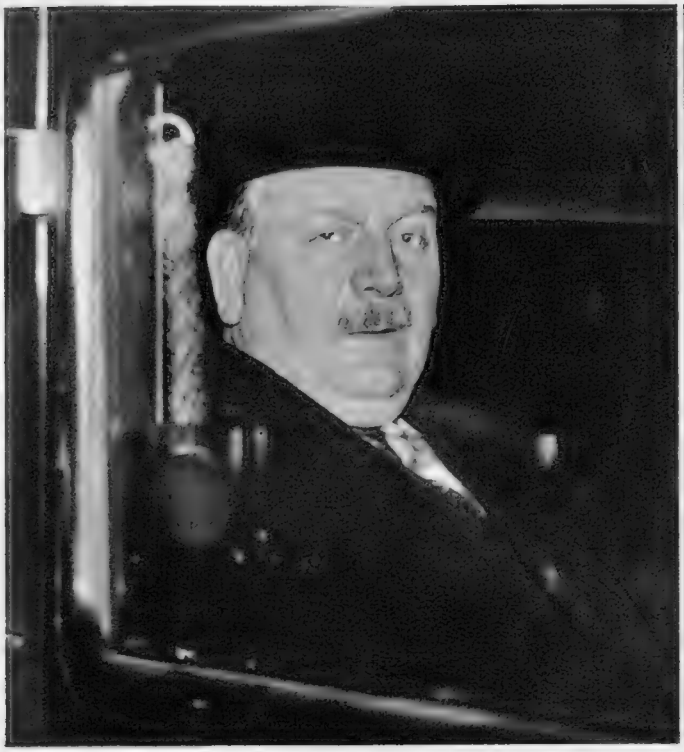
WE have usually dined at the Dorchester on the big nights of a new cabaret, but how pleasant it is on a quieter night when the room is somehow made smaller.

There were several fairly big dinner parties that night. Mr. Carl Bendix was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Hennessy and beautiful Lady Moira Combe and her husband; another very attractive woman in the party being Mrs. Macdonald, who, though very young, has curly grey hair, and is the daughter of Mrs. Gordon Lawson Johnston.

From there we went on to the midnight performance of the new Charlot revue, an excellent show and a veritable triumph for June who, dancing as divinely as ever, exhibited new talent by some clever imitations.

Don't ask us to tell you anything much about the audience, because these midnight performances are attended largely by the press and "the profession"; it's a busman's holiday for the people engaged in other theatres.

MISS PEEPS



M. Flandin

The French Premier and Foreign Minister was photographed leaving the first meeting in London of the Locarno Powers, preliminary to the League Council meeting on Friday. He presented France's case and her absolute demand that evacuation of the Rhineland should precede negotiations

Mr. Avenol

The Secretary-General of the League arrived here with a small army of secretaries, stenographers, interpreters, and van-loads of documents

Avenue Explorers

Europe's Statesmen Turn London Into a League Council Chamber

Right: M. Litvinoff, the Soviet's Foreign Minister, arrived to play lead in the London peace drama

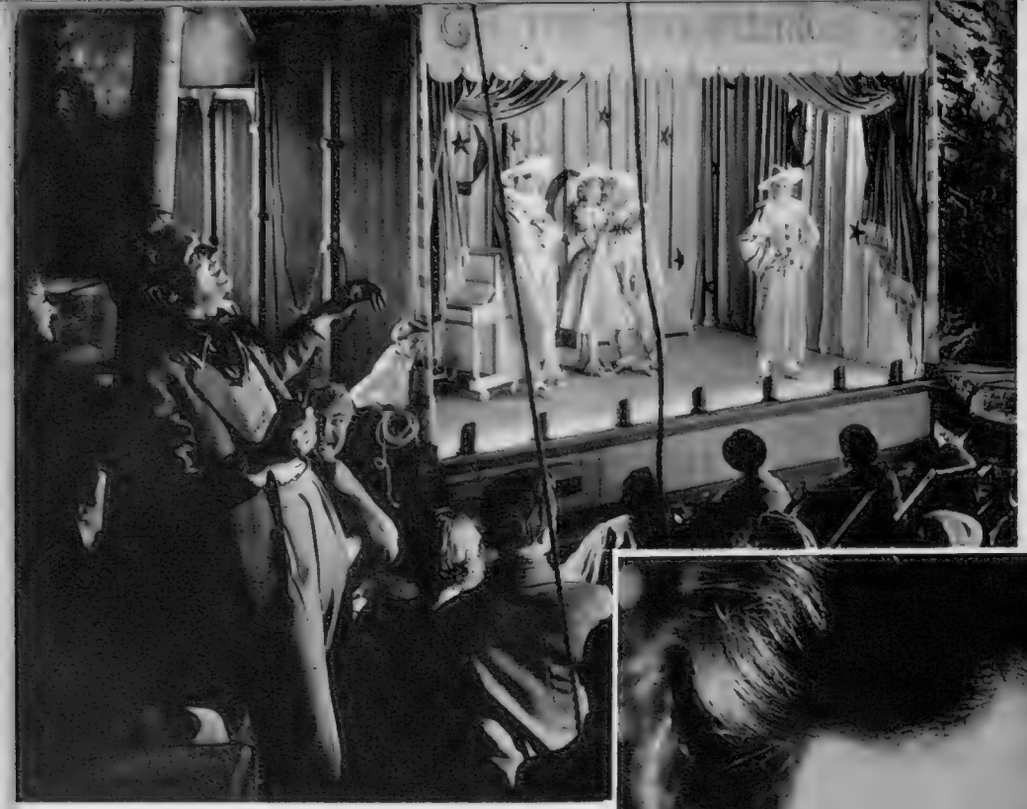
Lord Halifax, Lord Privy Seal, who made a great impression in Paris during the talks there, is with Sir Robert Vansittart, leaving the French Embassy after the "Locarno luncheon"

Mr. Eden Faces an Inevitable Battery

Between one critical conference and another, the cameras catch instants of history in the making. England's Foreign Secretary never carried a graver responsibility than during journeys from Downing Street to St. James's

Katharine Hepburn as A Compton Mackenzie Heroine

"Sylvia Scarlett" Comes to London



The Pink Pierrots Are a Flop

The four Pierrots are Cary Grant, Dennie Moore, Edmund Gwenn and Katharine Hepburn; the young man on the left who leads the "flop" reception they get is Brian Aherne. The film adaptation of Compton Mackenzie's novel is an American one, with a mixture of American and English players, and George Cukor as director. Its run at the Regal begins on March 27th

Below is Katharine Hepburn with Brian Aherne; he plays the young artist who comes to mock and stays to love. Edmund Gwenn plays Henry Scarlett, Sylvia's father, and Cary Grant is Jimmy Monkley, the nonchalant rogue they fall in with

Katharine Hepburn Plays Boy

Sylvia Scarlett, the girl who masquerades as a boy to help her weak-kneed father through his troubles, gives Katharine Hepburn the most attractive part she's had since "Morning Glory." She has a chance to be boyish and spirited, romantic and yielding by turns, and her performance is as versatile as it is delightful

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

IT was interesting and rather shocking to learn from the *Times* the other day that the late Lord ("Superior Purzon") Curzon once descended to the naughty and vandalistic act of scratching his name on the Palace of Darius at Persepolis, just as if he had been a common tourist or a schoolboy. One would as soon have suspected such a man of playing tag with policemen round the House of Lords.

Perhaps, after all, it 's just the gipsy in us which makes us do such things, as Wordsworth said when he hid his sister's ball of wool behind the escritoire, laughing like a hyena. Anyway, it 's a universal weakness, apparently shared by aloof proconsuls, to want to scribble or scratch one's name on historic monuments, and you find it all over the world. We can't at the moment think of any famous one we 've seen which isn't thus defaced, except Mae West.

If you think this a rather wild remark, let us justify it by a story we once heard from Neil Lyons. Strolling unexpectedly one day, many years ago, into the private room of a Mr. Smithers, a long-vanished publisher of the 'nineties (he published some of Wilde's work, among others), Mr. Lyons found Mr. Smithers usefully employed with a rubber office stamp. With this stamp, liberally besmeared with purple ink, he was stamping a lady's neck all over with the legend "Leonard Smithers, Publisher," neatly encircled with a decorative wavy band. No explanation was asked or given, and the lady didn't seem to mind. Obviously Mr. Smithers was indulging the universal human weakness we have dealt with above. Stamping one's name on a lady with a rubber stamp is less difficult than writing or carving it, but the principle is the same.

Brock's Benefit

SCURRYING across a road between Ludlow and Leominster the other day, a badger knocked a farmer off his bicycle and disappeared into the opposite hedge, laughing heartily. The country paper we dug this bit of news from appeared to think it was an accident. In our opinion it 's just an unsporting move on the part of the badger nation.

Have you ever seen badger-digging as practised by farmers and hunt servants? It isn't cruel, like bullfighting and other foreign goings-on. They merely dig down to the badgers' retreat, send in the terriers, hoick the badger and its cubs out with tongs, and throw them to the dogs. It 's a typical English country scene, fragrant with the good smell of freshly-dug earth and crushed bracken, and echoing to homely rustic shouts, mingled often with the musical voices of great rosy tweedy laughing girls as they speed Tinker and Bill and Rover to their work.

The point is, as we 've said, that it 's healthy British sport, and not brutal. If badgers say it is, then badgers are cads, and if they 're starting to retaliate by bowling farmers off their bicycles in this lowdown way and possibly hurting them, it 's time decent sportsmen got together and did something about it. Suppose the badgers' next concerted move is to attack a farmer's retreat, dig *him* out of bed with his offspring, and throw them all to the tithe-men?

Owzat?

AND talking of sport—if a bishop suddenly jazzed down Pall Mall from the Athenæum in his pyjamas, roaring for fun, he 'd cause less public consternation than Don Bradman's recently reported introduction of the steel-shafted bat to Australian cricket. This bat apparently hits sixes without effort and terrifies bowlers to death, and the Established Church of Marylebone is reeling under the shock.

We 've met one or two sidesmen already and heard them discussing it in dazed astonishment. The M.C.C. may meet at any moment behind locked doors, in conclave extraordinary. It 's a frightful situation. It 's a body-blow. It 's more than ever dreadful coming from a spiritual leader like Mr. Bradman, who has honorary episcopal status. What will happen nobody seems to know as yet. The M.C.C. may deprive and excommunicate Bishop Bradman, or they may not. If they do, he 'll probably secede at once and found a Steel Shaft sect, we 're told. After that anything may happen. Will some new heresiarch arise presently with an explosive ball?

We ourselves, being devoid of any reverence for cricket, once thought of a good new idea—a hollow bat. In its face was a little trapdoor which trapped the ball neatly and invisibly, with the result that the fielders dashed to and fro looking for it in vain, while the merry batsman leaned against his wicket laughing fit to kill and every horse-faced cricketer on the field looked a perfect ass.

We proposed this to a county captain, who, after some thought, said it was unsporting.

Revolt

EXCEPT that there was no mathematical Junior Fellow to read

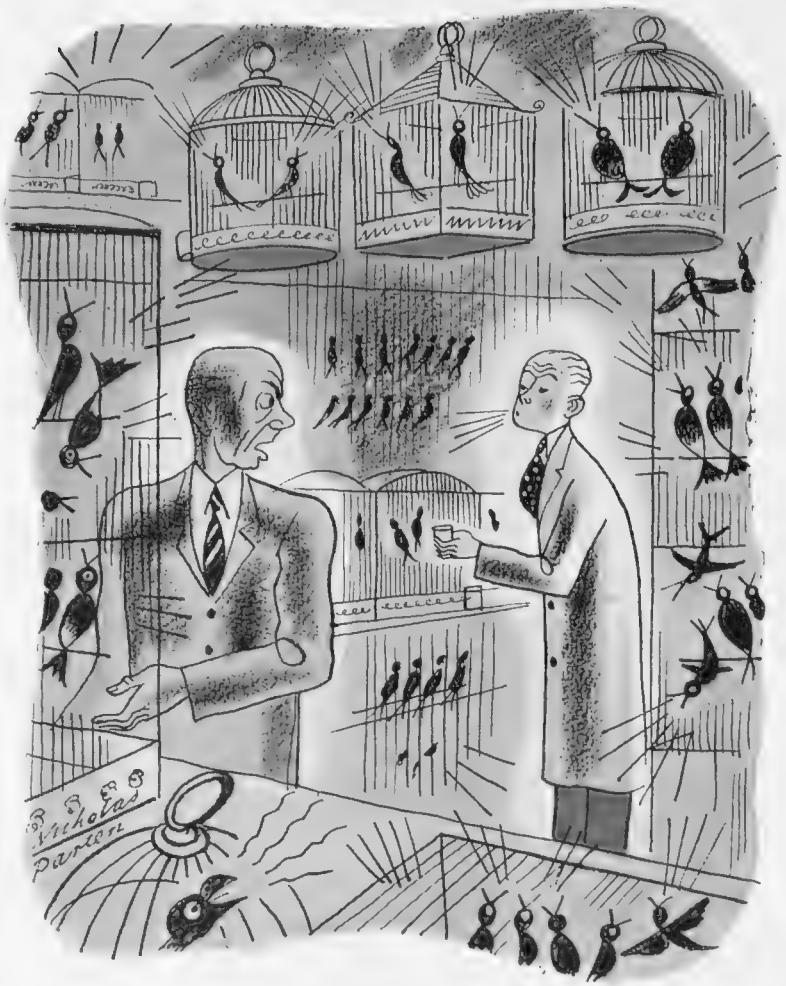
"Our Waterloo, Mrs. Elphinstone"

grace and shock and delight the assembled dons by making a false quantity, the recent scene in Hall at Pembroke, Oxford, when the undergraduates went on strike against the food, must have closely resembled an impressive scene in *Zuleika Dobson*.

There were the same spread and deserted tables, the same line of scouts lounging idly against the walls waiting vainly for the absent diners, the same slightly goofy and bewildered row of dons at High Table, the same air of doom and expectancy. But in Max Beerbohm's story, as you recollect, the reason was a far, far nobler one. With one contemptible exception, all undergraduate Oxford had drowned itself that evening for love of the fair witch Zuleika, following the distinguished lead of the Duke of Dorset.

The hearties of Pembroke should feel shame at this recollection. Yet had those who refused to dine in Hall at Pembroke a few nights ago flung themselves into the Isis in passionate protest against the quality of the meat and boiled eggs at fivepence each, it might have redeemed them. It would have shown heroism in some degree; stoic self-sacrifice; single devotion to a cause.

Frankly, we don't think much of the Pembroke hearties for not doing so. We think, in fact, they showed absolutely stinking form. "Why didn't you drown yourself, Daddy?" their children will cry in years to come. A pretty ugly situation, and we don't suppose the children will be so hot, either.



"For Gawd's sake, Joe, stop that whistling"

"I wonder if you could have this stuffed for Fido?"

Top-Spit to You

WHATEVER you may think of Broadcasting House and the boys who run it, you 've probably admitted that the window-boxes on the Portland Square façade of that barrack of delight are pretty impressive. To anyone who knows the interior—those bright, endless, silent, curving corridors, those studios like expensive padded cells, where the light of day never penetrates and neurotic dons dash their heads against the panelling in vain, that general oppressive atmosphere, as of the 'tween-decks of a luxury liner submerged 100 fathoms—to anyone familiar with this, we say, that flowery business overlooking Portland Place appears on the whole rather grim.

We ourselves always imagined those blooms to be of brightly-painted metal, consonant with the genius of the place, but it seems they 're real ones. They live in boxes lined with asbestos sheeting and filled with "a mixture," to quote Lady Allen of Hurtwood, "of the finest top-spit country loam, hop-manure, and chemical fertilisers."

And, she adds, the flowers are "given every encouragement to grow and develop." They need it, by gracious, if you ask us.

The B.B.C. spend quite a sum annually on cut flowers for rest-rooms and studios. The circumambient air being so full of exhausting influences, these flowers wither and die very quickly. There was

once, we 're told, an Assistant-Deputy-Director of Floral Services (a vice-admiral) who substituted tin flowers, but somebody threw them in an impulsive moment at a rather charming announcer as a tribute, and he was badly lacerated. Hence the real stuff, which can't live in the place a day.

East of Suez

THE telephone service between this country and British Malaya, they report, is expected to be ready by the end of the year; which will make it a lot easier—we 're addressing all the other Somerset Maugham fans—for wronged husbands with sunburnt knees to ring up a good solicitor in Town. There 's something in the air of Malaya, as every Maugham fan knows, which gives suburban British matrons the queerest ideas about the conjugal virtues. Their husbands are generally too dumb (and possibly too full of gin-pahits) to find them out for a long time. Being on the telephone direct to London may help them afterwards not a little. Specimen conversation:

"Is that Goucher, Goucher, Goucher, Goucher, Plockett, Swipes, and Goucher?"

"Yes."

"I want Mr. Ramsbotham."

"Speaking."

"Oh, Ramsbotham, this is Miffin. Speaking from Kulu Umpong. I say!"

"Yes?"

"I don't think my wife 's playing the game, Ramsbotham."

"Why?"

"Well, she 's chasing a chap through the forest with a knife and yelling 'I love you!'"

"What sort of chap?"

"Not quite top-drawer, I should say. . . . Rubber chap called Fobster. Been staying with us."

"H'm."

"What I mean is, Ramsbotham, my Chinese boy says she 's been chasing chaps for years. . . . I wondered if I could have a pot at her, or something?"

Mr. Ramsbotham says no, on the whole not, but Miffin says crossly hang it, *everybody* does, and rings off. A few days later he rings up again to say it 's all right, he 's just done it, and he 's met one of those writing-chaps at the Club, and what ought he to charge for telling him the story?

The real drama comes when Miffin begins telling the writing-chap the whole terrible story and the writing-chap just deftly dodges away and takes the next steamer for Rangoon. That makes no difference to Mr. Ramsbotham's bill, however, as you may well believe, ho, ho.

Spookery Nook

GHOSTS do some pretty cockeyed things, but the most sap-headed of all must be the ghost of Caxton, Father of English Printing. Caxton, according to the *Daily Express*, is said to haunt Long Barn, the house near Sevenoaks which the Lindberghs have just taken. He was apparently born there, and on moonlit nights he returns to his former nursery to set up a phantom printing-press. Well, the idea of Caxton's uneasy spirit haunting this earth for a penance is pretty good, but surely he ought to haunt Fleet Street, not a quiet house in Kent?

Save the Baby

FROM a dainty little blue-bound brochure entitled *Prologue to Nomostatistics*, which has been sent us from New York—whenever people don't know what to do with anything they generally send it to us—we gather that in this country there are 30,000 lawyers battening on 40,000,000 of the citizenry, and in America 170,000 lawyers to 125,000,000. Moreover, this country has over 4000 printed volumes of Law Reports already, whereas the Americans have 16,000.

All this enormous nonsense and chaos worries Mr. George H. Jaffin, legal authority and author of the brochure, not a little, and very properly, and he wants to get the mess cleared up; and after nuzzling doggedly at his review of the situation for some time we were pretty glad to get on to his conclusion, which is, inter alia, "The chronicular technique is available to help produce periodic cross-sections of the current of litigation during various eras of socio-economic change"—which is clear enough or was a minute ago. Anyhow, the rub of the argument seems obvious; too many lawyers, too many records of their costly chatter. And later, poking delicately among Mr. Jaffin's wealth of footnotes, we found him citing a leading case which amply compensated any hurry, discomfort, or bother we had been put to:

"*Res judicata* constitutes a plea in bar, founded upon a specific controversy. *Stare decisis* is not a plea at all; it is the rule of precedent."—United States v. Certain Bottles of Lee's "Save The Baby," 37 F(2,d), 137, 139 (D.Conn.1929.)

THE BYSTANDERS.

"He says he wants one for a 48-inch chest, sir"

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 12.

Sir Percy Laurie

DIRECT descendant of Annie Laurie, grandson of the M.P. for Barnstaple, and brother of a future Lord Mayor of London, Sir Percy Laurie is going to be very much missed by his men when he retires this summer from the post of Assistant Commissioner of Police at New Scotland Yard.

Educated at Harrow, and intended for Oxford, he joined the 7th London Volunteers, and then, towards the end of the South African war, got a direct commission into the Scots Greys through the late Walter Long. Eight years later, when Adjutant of this famous regiment, he was taken as his A.D.C. by the Inspector-General. Thereafter he became Private Secretary to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and remained on the Staff until the end of the war.

It was in 1919 that he became Chief of the Mounted Police and Deputy Assistant Commissioner. Since then he has spent the seventeen happiest years of his life between Court and New Scotland Yard.

SIR PERCY LAURIE talks very precisely, almost donnishly. He is a churchwarden at All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, and regularly takes the plate round and reads the Lessons. He is also a very keen gardener, being Chairman of the Rutland Gate Gardens, and growing his own hyacinths in his own cellars. Tuberoses, gardenias, carnations, heliotrope and violets are his favourite flowers. He is a first-class amateur actor, and has appeared at the Court Theatre and His Majesty's. When he took over the Police Minstrels, they cleared £60,000 within five years for the various Police Charities. Dresden china, Waterford glass, Old English plate, and snuff-boxes exert a strong appeal on him. He claims to be a very good cook, and that he can make a soufflé as well as most. Certainly he keeps a very fine table at 29, Rutland Gate, and his ports and brandies are unsurpassed. Despite this, he keeps absolutely fit, with a cold bath by the open window and a ride in the Row every morning of his life. He is really almost crazy about exercise, and almost every Saturday you will find him at Imber Court, which is now the recreation ground for the whole of the Metropolitan Police Force.

Since 1919 he has ridden for at least a fortnight every single horse attached to the Mounted Police, and during that time has succeeded in raising the standard from van-horses almost to hunters.

NOW, bowing to the principle that younger men must be unceasingly given a chance, he is retiring at the age of fifty-five, but just in time to see the first of the Hendon College Police Cadets taking up their full duties in the Force in May. In his seventeen years he has served under five Commissioners and one Acting-Commissioner. It is a tribute to his diplomacy and charm that he has survived under a series of such different chiefs until now he is to resign under the age clause. Not that he looks a day over forty-eight, but the reference books are there for all to see.

Yes, he is really going to be missed by the men. For Sir Percy Laurie was determined to make the policemen's lot a happy one, and Imber Court alone proves how successful he has been.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster

C. R. W. Nevinson — Artist, Writer, Cook, Caravanner

C. R. W. Nevinson has as rich and versatile a personality as any legendary figure in the artistic Bohemian world. Besides being an oil and water-colour painter, etcher and lithographer of wide repute, he is a forceful writer, a witty talker, a gastronomical expert in practice and theory, an enthusiastic motorist and caravanner. He is the son of H. W. Nevinson, from whom he inherits his powers as a writer, a close and often active interest in affairs of the day, and a flair for reporting, which he turned to account as official artist in France from 1916 after he was discharged from active service. He has exhibited and had his work purchased all over the world, married Kathleen Knowlman in 1915, lives on the heights of Haverstock Hill

John Everard

"A Winter's Tale" at the Old Vic

"Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
'I am yours for ever'"

So said Leontes to Hermione, and so, in the Old Vic production, says William Devlin to Vivienne Bennett. *A Winter's Tale* started its run last night, succeeding, after several weeks' postponement, the now transferred *St. Helena*

Diana Gould

A Ballerina of the Markova-Dolin Company

In "Les Sylphides"

As One of Michal's Maidens in "David"

Diana Gould is one of the young English dancers who justifies balletomanes in hoping that the mantle of the scattered Czarist corps-de-ballet has fallen on this country. At the age of nine she started seriously to study dancing, and later became a pupil of Mme. Rambert. She has danced for Karsavina, Colonel de Basil, Charles Cochran and this season, for the Markova-Dolin Ballet. With them she has left the Duke of York's to go on tour, starting at Birmingham next Monday. Diana Gould adds to her technical excellence a splendid sense of humour and power of characterisation; her Queen of the Circus in the Markova-Dolin "Show Folk" is one of her liveliest portrayals in the Company's repertoire, and Anton Dolin has arranged "Romance" for her—a Mozartian trifle which she dances with two black pages in the "Divertissement." Yet as a Sylphide Diana Gould can do justice to the strict lines of Michael Fokine's masterpiece

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Films of the Day

The Milky Way of Satire : By George Campbell

It must have been close on twenty years ago. I had dozed through the first feature, and was looking forward to sleeping soundly through the second when, opening one eye, I caught a glimpse of a short called *An Eastern Westerner*.

The plot, even then, was familiar enough—the conventionally timid dude from the East falling amongst gunmen and card-sharpers in a Wild West saloon. But there was something about the spectacled young hero with the straw hat and bow tie—his naive and engaging personality, the dexterity of his timing and the readiness of his wit—that caught and held my attention. The most sinister looking gunman, six-shooter ready in his right hand, took a pinch of tobacco and a cigarette-paper in his left, gave them a few deft twirls, and there was a perfectly formed cigarette. The dude gaped, as he was meant to gape, in wonder. But only for a second. While the villain still gloated, he seized a handful of tobacco, a dozen cigarette papers, made a few lightning passes before the other's goggling eyes, and shook out cigarettes all round.

You may not think that very clever, or very funny, but it made me laugh then, and it makes me laugh reminiscently when I think of it even now. For ten minutes I chuckled and howled with the rest, and from that day to this I have never missed a Harold Lloyd feature and precious few of his shorts.

CHAPLIN'S art, the highbrows say, is deeper—or maybe only broader. Chaplin as "the world's peasant"—the phrase was once used to me by Eddie Cantor; Chaplin as the symbol of suffering, frustrated humanity; Chaplin as the eternal clown, despised and buffeted, belonging to no nation and to all—there is a figure with a social and philosophical significance to which Harold Lloyd, one of the modestest fellows living, would lay no claim. The Marx Brothers, too, etch their crazy lines with an acid that may bite deeper than the kindly art of Mr. Lloyd.

Whether they are greater artists is quite another matter. If Lloyd were just a pantomime comic, a vulgar buffoon, he would not have endured all these years and pleased so many intelligent people. The fact that the geniality of his work leads short-sighted people to underrate him. They fail to perceive that he, too, is a satirist in his way. His spectacled, small-town youth, shy, frightened, ambitious, desperately anxious to make a good show before the world, but humiliated every time he tries—there is one of the finest comic creations of our time—as familiar as Captain Kettle or Sherlock Holmes; as real as life itself. Sinclair Lewis satirises the Main Street business man. Harold Lloyd satirises his kid brother, in all his endearing idealism and youthful folly—with a touch of Scaramouche, the resourceful clown, triumphing over the strong by his wits, thrown in.

"THE MILKY WAY," the latest Lloyd vehicle, is well up to standard. In some ways it is unlike anything else he has done. Generally he relies to a very large extent on melodrama: he has always understood, as nobody else in the entertainment business does, the comic value of danger. Just look at his past successes and picture his situations.

In *The Milky Way* he faces nothing worse than the risk of humiliating failure when, as the milkman accidentally thrust into the rôle of boxer, he has to fight for the championship of the world. The charm of the picture, apart from Mr. Lloyd's own personality, lies in the plausibility of the characterisation, the script's fertility in comic incident, and the genuine wit of the dialogue.

The ease with which Mr. Lloyd handles dialogue is all the more remarkable when you realise that, apart from appearances as a child actor in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and similar melodramas, as far back as 1905, he has had no stage experience. His success in talkies is a triumph of character as well as of talent. He has worked hard, kept his head, remained charming and unspoiled. Nobody is less selfish, more inclined to give supporting players a break. It is a proof of his generosity that, in *The Milky Way* you will find such fine actors as Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, Helen Mack, and Verree Teasdale, all with plenty of opportunities and their share of good lines; a proof of his all-round ability as an actor that, in putting over a line as well as a comic stunt, he holds his own with the best of them.

THERE was a time when Ben Hecht and Charles Macarthur were regarded by the Intelligentsia as the White Hopes of Filmland. That was when they broke away from the Hollywood machine and produced that remarkable melodrama *Crime Without Passion*. Since then they have made one picture of some note, *The Scoundrel*, a success with the critics, a failure with the general public; one picture that was regarded as too bad to show in any but the cheapest New York cinemas, and never shown here at all; and now *Soak the Rich*, which will please neither highbrows nor lowbrows.

Soak the Rich, like everything Hecht and Macarthur write, has some good stuff in it—but on the whole it is a failure, wavering uncertainly between melodrama, social satire, and the comedy of ideas.

"Rhodes of Africa"

"Veille d'Armes"

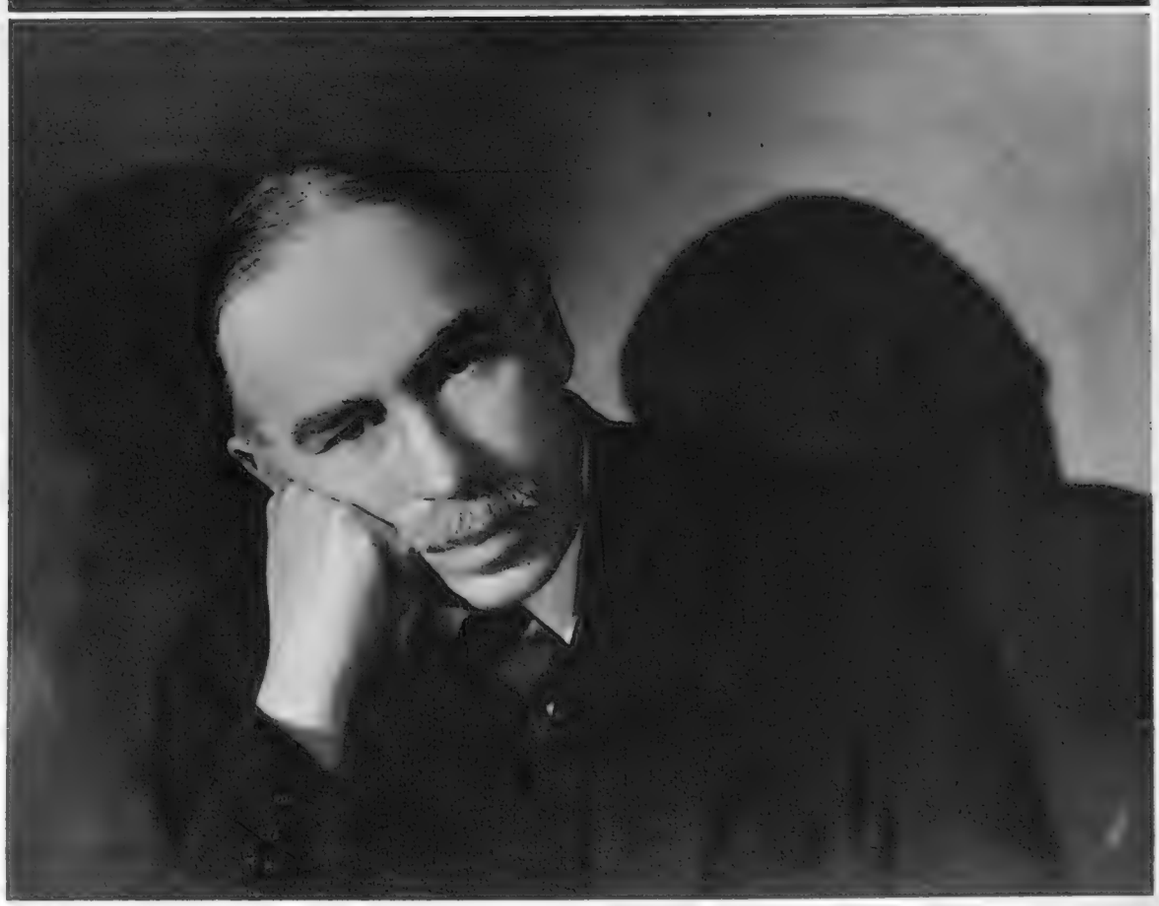
Annabella and Victor Francen play lead in the French melodrama with which the Cinema House in Oxford Street has inaugurated its new life as Studio One. It takes its place as yet another London cinema where Continental films are to be shown

Left: Walter Huston as Cecil Rhodes and Basil Sydney as Dr. Jameson are in the Gaumont-British film, "Rhodes of Africa," in which the fine cast also includes Oscar Homolka as Kruger and Frank Cellier as Barney Barnato. The première of the film at the New Gallery on Monday was in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund

The Bystander,
March 18, 1936—479

The Dancer and the Economist

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Keynes



In 1925 John Maynard Keynes married Lydia Lopokova, the Russian ballerina and actress who had first come to England with Diaghileff's company seven years before. Although she is first and foremost a dancer, her career has always been a double one, since the ballet's mime has never satisfied her passion for pure acting. At present she is appearing in the Ibsen cycle of plays at the Criterion—as Nora in "The Doll's House," and as Hilda Wangel in "The Master Builder." Keynes besides being one of the most profound and brilliant writers of the day on economics is Fellow and Bursar of King's College, Cambridge, and chairman of an insurance company. He has always been an active patron of theatre and ballet, was one of the founders of the Camargo Society, and is a director of the new Arts Theatre at Cambridge. His latest book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," whose four hundred revolutionary pages has set the orthodox economists by the ears, was published a month or two ago

Photographs by Anthony

Close-Up of One of the Three Vast Funnels

Mary and Martha—the

Although that oil-tanker is one of t
no impression on the liner-dominat
of humble, dumpy usefulness as it
Cunarder's smooth, clean-lined keel
more at Glasgow; on Tuesday, Ma
and goes to Southampton for

The Queen Mary's Last Days in He

Skyline and Waterline Studies of the Great Cunarder b

Liner and the Oil-tanker

e largest in the world, it can make d landscape of the Clyde but one ies, a giant's handmaiden, beside the . The Queen Mary has six days rch 24th, she makes her first voyage, he final stage of her fitting-up

r Clyde Berth

y Norman Parkinson

The Bridge and the Mast-head

Here's the starboard winghouse of the bridge, hanging twelve feet beyond the side of the ship, and the electrically warmed crow's-nest on the foremast—both items on the Queen Mary's long list of "novelties." The crow's-nest, 130 feet above the water, is further from the bottom of the keel than the cross on St. Paul's is from the ground; it's reached by a ladder of a hundred and ten steps inside the mast

"Did you ever feel blue?"

"I'd never bet on a horse with real money"

"Don't you bet on horses?"

Racing Clairvoyant

Romney Brent as Erwin, the Unwilling But Infallible Tipster of "Three Men on a Horse"

THIS American farce at the Garrick is sure fire, for what gambler — aren't we all?—can resist the notion of a non-betting "little man" who picks winners for fun and never makes a mistake? By trade he is a writer of doggerel for greeting cards; when a domestic quarrel drives him into the arms of Bacchus and a gang of backers, you and they never know which is coming next—a horse or a verse. Whichever it is, with Romney Brent to say it, it couldn't be funnier

"But I haven't been home all night"

"You can't do this to me; I'll lose my job"

Gems from Erwin's Anthology

"AT Xmas time your hair was grey,
But memories chased your cares away.
Now lovingly in a simple way
I send my love on mother's day."
Mother's Day, No. 16.

"When I was young and on your knee
You told a nursery rhyme to me,
But now I've grown a man to be
I send my love in rhyme to thee."
Mother's Day, No. 17.

"The race is o'er,
We've won, my lad.
Love and kisses to dear old Dad."
Father's Day, No. 1.

"I just didn't care any more"

"I don't think I can drink any more"

Photographs by John Everard

"I must go to the bathroom for a moment"

"Do I have to play all *my ten per cents?"*

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Climax of the Season at Twickenham

So the great occasion approaches, the climax of the season, the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham next Saturday. There was a time when it seemed likely to be an anti-climax, but that, I think, is past now. Still, there is no denying that both English and Scottish stock slumped badly after England had drawn with Wales and lost to Ireland, and Scotland had gone down to these two same countries.

It is, alas! true that the old enemies will be fighting for the ignominious wooden spoon, though I don't suppose they will worry greatly over that. The scores between them, incidentally, run very evenly. Since the first match was played at Raeburn Place in 1870, England have won 23 times, Scotland 24, and 10 games have been drawn.

I SHOULD like to say categorically that on Saturday England will draw level, but although the wish is father to the thought, prophesying has been a precarious business this year. And to be honest, I rather like the look of the reconstituted Scottish team.

The Scottish problem was the direct opposite of the English problem. In Scotland the difficulty lay in choosing the backs; in England we had trouble with the forwards.

The Scottish pack against Ireland shaped uncommonly well, particularly in the second half. I am surprised that even one change was made, though the substitution of hooker G. S. Cottington for P. L. Duff should strengthen the front row.

Behind the scrummage, more cohesion and liveliness were clearly needed. For reasons best known to themselves, the Scottish selectors had left K. C. Fyfe and H. Lind out of the team against Ireland, and it is good to see that both these admirable players have been brought back.

Down South we regard Lind as the most dangerous opportunist now playing. I have an idea that he would have been first choice for any team selected by Mr. V. R. Meredith, manager of the New Zealanders, and after the way Lind smacked into the All Blacks at Aberdeen, I do not wonder.

Lind has been in great form for the London Scottish, and I am prepared to bet that we shall find him extremely troublesome at Twickenham. His exceptional speed, his eye for an opening, his opportunism, and his devastating tackling make him a most disturbing opponent.

THEN there is Fyfe, another player better known in the South than in Scotland, and a grand footballer. I hope he will not be allowed to prove just how grand a footballer he is, but he will need most careful watching.

Scotland's main trouble was the stand-off half position, though most of us would be happy enough with R. W. Shaw as partner to W. R. Logan. Still, Shaw has been moved out to the right wing, where his exceptional speed will not be wanted, and C. F. Grieve, of Oxford, takes his place at stand-off half.

This strikes me as an astute move. Grieve is a beautiful player, more constructive, perhaps, than Shaw, who is something of an individualist, with a slashing cut through as his great virtue. Grieve will go through an opening also, but he works more smoothly with his centres, and such centres as Lind and R. C. S. Dick are worth encouraging. It is odd, by the way, to find three stand-off halves—Shaw, Grieve and Lind—in one back division, and the Scottish captain can, if he is so inclined, ring the changes on his formation.

Ken Fyfe

Charles Grieve

Kenneth Fyfe (Oundle and Caius, Cambridge) and Charles Grieve (Ampleforth and Christ Church, Oxford) have both gone back to the Scottish team which will meet England next Saturday. Grieve has been absent from the Rugger field for a year owing to concussion. Ken Fyfe captained Cambridge last year, and now he is an engineer in Liverpool

WE are bound, at any rate, to admit that this is a formidable Scottish side. It looks to me like one of the best Scotland have had for some years, which would seem to make England's chances pretty slender.

I am not so sure of that, though. I am inclined to believe that the standard of play in this match will be unusually high, given the sort of weather which makes open attack profitable. And I do not think so poorly of the English backs as many people seem to.

It has been said that, after the Irish match, the selectors should have made changes. We needed more mid-field attack—incisive running at stand-off half, a faster centre than Gerrard, and so on. Well, if we have better attacking players than Candler, Cranmer and Gerrard, select them by all means; but I, for one, cannot suggest any names. Walford, you say, and Auty, and Tallent—but do you really think any or all of these would improve matters? And I am by no means convinced that much improvement is necessary. We saw what the English backs could do against New Zealand.

AGAINST Wales and Ireland the English backs were given no chance of repeating the performance. They haven't really had a show, in fact, since the New Zealand match, and I fancy they are capable of surprising the Scotsmen considerably. And if things go even moderately well in mid-field, Obolensky and Sever will do the rest.

This is by no means a bad attack, particularly if B. C. Gadney strikes his best form at scrum-half. Gadney was superb against the All Blacks, and behind sound forwards on Saturday he may do equally well.

And here is the point. This English pack is the best we have put into the field this season. Five forwards have been dropped, and if some weight has been sacrificed with players like Clarke and Kendrew, mobility has certainly been gained. The England front row has been all wrong—clumsy, packing high, generally untidy. Now, with J. Dicks, H. B. Toft, and R. J. Longland, it appears to combine strength with solidity. It will be pleasant to see hollowed backs in an England front row again.

DUNKLEY and Webb form a powerful second row, and I take it that Dunkley will lead the pack. As for the back row, that has been entirely reconstituted. Weston, Brook, and Bolton come in for Hodson, Hamilton-Hill and the promoted Dunkley. Weston's lumbago is better, Brook is playing better than ever before, and Bolton has scored a try in almost every match this season. A lively back row, and a promising pack altogether.

I am not backing England outright, but I think the Scottish Union representatives had better bring the Calcutta Cup to Twickenham with them—just in case!

The latest FORD V-8 (£22 . 10s. Tax) has once more achieved outstanding distinction in the Monte Carlo Rally, winning the premier award.

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Ford V·8

Cannons of Hollywood

Flora Robson Plays Henry VIII's Two Daughters

Mary Tudor, better known to schoolboys as Bloody Mary, is the part played by Flora Robson in the Playhouse piece which passed its hundredth performance ten days ago. Now comes the news that Miss Robson is to take the name part in *Elizabeth of England*, a production which London Films will soon start, and which, like Mary Tudor, plays round the queen's troubles with Philip of Spain. With the completion of the German film about Queen Victoria and Nova Pilbeam's *Lady Jane Grey*, the dramatic possibilities of England's queen-monarchs will have been covered—with the exception of Matilda and Boadicea. Flora Robson made her name five years ago in *The Anatomist* at the Westminster Theatre, since when she has given consistently fine acting, and particularly with Paul Robeson in *All God's Chillun* and with Oskar Homolka in *Close Quarters*. At present, Lord Hastings is painting her portrait in his St. John's Wood studio

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Great Guns

"Red Night" (Queen's Theatre)

PLENTY of hearty laughter greeted the appearance in *Red Night* of all the familiar stage war types, but even so, it is very doubtful whether a war-play is really a successful form of entertainment. For older people it stirs up old and often harrowing memories; for the post-war generation it gives, at any rate in this case, an impression of something between a music-hall sketch and a slightly hysterical tragedy, which is a pity.

We meet our old and trusty friends, soldiers three, the little Cockney humorist, the pawky Scotsman, and the worthy solid Lancashire lad, excellently played by John Mills, James Gibson, and George Carney; we follow them and their comrades through a series of scenes, anyone of which would make a thumbnail revue sketch. The best of these is the Estaminet at Beauvray, and the most trite is the one in which the unfortunate men are cheerfully de-lousing their garments; perhaps a truthful, but not an intrinsically amusing idea.

ROBERT DONAT shows John Hardcastle as the typical young hero, the merest shade cleaner than his fellow privates, ever ready to lead the laughter at their quips and finally becoming as bitter and disillusioned as any man would be, who had not the sense to realise sooner that war is not a picnic. After all, the action of the play starts in 1915, by which time the grim realities must have been well established, and a new draft would soon have learnt that the atmosphere on the Western Front was not entirely composed of heroics and witty backchat, though there was plenty of heroism and humour of a dogged, long-suffering kind.

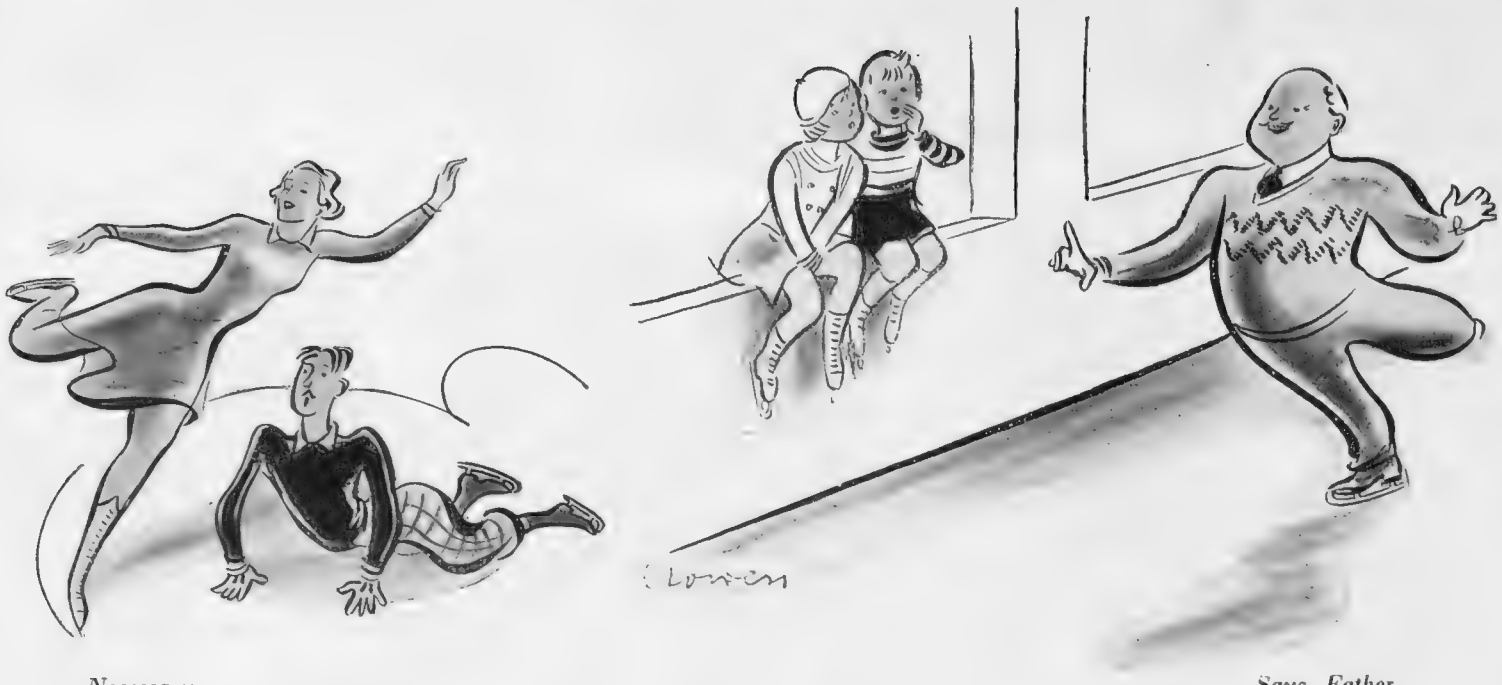
It is, to borrow an expression from the younger generation, positively shame-making to hear our hero in his dug-out spouting Omar Khayyam: "Lo, some we loved . . . have drunk their Cup a Round or two before, And one by one crept silently to rest." At risk of appearing flippant, I must protest that silently is not the right word here. Never have "noises off" been more realistic, the sound of the guns and the screaming of the bursting shells is at times quite deafening. But with all its admirable production and acting, it is a little difficult to see why *Red Night* should have been either written or produced; it has no special message; the author, J. L. Hodson, cannot be trying to suggest that the officers' lot, with its load of responsibility, often on very youthful shoulders, was really a much happier one than that of the troops? Or even that there was a prejudice in the higher command against giving a commission to a man who had not been to a public school? If he holds the latter theory, he might argue the matter out with a well-known dramatist, Harold Terry, the author of that admirable war comedy, *General Post!* More than once the opinion is put in John Hardcastle's mouth that the whole business is so "bloody silly," which with its touch of peevish pacifism may be the key-note to the intention of the author.

Surely all sane people regard war as a filthy business, and unless a dramatist has something fresh to say about it, he would be better employed writing on some other subject? As a young actor-manager, Robert Donat must be warmly welcomed, and no doubt he will give his public opportunities of appreciating his undoubted gifts in productions that have a more general appeal.

Mademoiselle (Claire) from Armentières — Hélène Lord

Sketches by Rouson

In the Bairns-father tradition— "Where did that one go?"—John Mills, Bernard Lee, George Carney, Robert Donat



Necessary Philosophy

"How can we learn to know ourselves? Never by reflection, but only through action."—Goethe

Says Father—

"Children have more need of models than of critics."—Joubert

The Twentieth Waltz Lesson

"How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes"—Shakespeare

Sketches by Lowen

Rescuer's Reflection

"Women are like limpets: they need something to hold on by."—Sigma

The Poetry of Skating

Sunday Afternoon at the Queen's Ice Skating Club

"Bystander" Short Story No. 29

Honey-Moon Couple : By Francis Stuart

THINGS were bad all round. At breakfast on the balcony with the blue sea just below us and the sun already hot and the grapefruit-holder gleaming silvery, with Avé opposite me, her skin brown, almost darker than her fair hair . . . well, just to look at it like that you 'd have said we were having a fine time. But you can't always judge by the look of things.

We had been married five years and it seemed as though we were at the end of that. We had come here to try and mend things between us, and it hadn't worked. All we 'd done was to get through the money we 'd scraped up for the journey, and now I had nothing in my pocket but a few coins. I had kept putting off going home day after day in the hope that things would get better between us. But they hadn't. Last night we had got into one of the worst quarrels of all and it had been a lot my fault. Well, I was worried about the money being gone too, only I did not tell Avé about that.

At breakfast we agreed to part.

"You can get the night train and you 'll be home the day after to-morrow," I told her. We had the return tickets.

"What 'll *you* do ?" she asked me.

"Oh, I daresay I 'll stay round here for a few more days." I didn't want to tell her we 'd only enough money for one to get back on. Even if you have a ticket you need a little money for sandwiches and tips to porters if you have luggage and so on. Just what I had left would get her through, and when she got home she could get a job and she had credit for a week or two anyhow.

"All right," she said. "You 'll have a better time when I 'm gone."

The hell I will, I thought. Still, the thing was to get her back and worry about myself afterwards. I could take care of myself.

I gave her all the money I had. She took it from the table and put it in her bag. It didn't look much as she took it.

"I suppose you 've got enough ?" she asked in that sulky way she 'd got into ; or perhaps she 'd always had that half-sulky look, because I remember how attractive I had thought it once. Oh, she 'd get on all right, I thought. She was still only twenty-five and, if she wanted, we could get a divorce, I supposed, and there 'd be plenty of men who 'd like to marry her. But somehow I didn't care to think about that.

WE said good-bye to each other on the balcony. When I walked off I had only a pair of pyjamas and a comb and tooth-brush in the suit-case I was carrying, because I had sold all the rest of my things to a second-hand shop down by the harbour to get enough to pay our bill the night before. As I said, I 'd been hanging on hoping it would come all right between us. I wouldn't have minded us going back without a penny if we had made things up. But now I felt bad. I looked back a few times at the little hotel where I 'd left her. I thought of going back, but I knew it wasn't any good, so I kept on to the station where I put my empty suit-case in the left luggage office. I had to say I 'd pay for it when I took it out. Then I went down to the beach and sat around and watched the sun-bathers and thought.

The more I thought the more I wanted to be back with Avé. But I saw I couldn't go back. Whatever I did I had to get some money. And it isn't easy to do that in a fashionable resort where you don't know anyone. Just try it and you 'll see. I tried a few ways myself that morning and by four o'clock, except for being hotter and hungry, I was just where I started from.

I was back at the beach, and now and again I forgot about the fix I was in through watching people sprawling around in the sun and looking at coloured beach pyjamas and sun-shades and inflated water animals and all the rest. But I didn't forget for long.

THEN I hit on a plan that I didn't like much. I tried to think of something better but I couldn't. Still, I 'm not trying to excuse myself. If you 'd been in the fix I was in you might have done something like that, too. But again perhaps you wouldn't. Perhaps you 'd sooner have starved. Everyone is different, on different levels, and I don't put myself anywhere too near the top.

I strolled into about the best hotel in the place. I knew it quite well. I had stayed there years before. I went up to the reception-desk behind two or three other people who were coming back to dress for dinner. There were a lot of people around at that hour. While a couple in front were asking for their keys I looked at the board where the keys were hanging up with the number of the rooms to which they belonged under them. Some of the hooks hadn't any keys hanging on them. It didn't matter much which I asked for so long as I didn't try one of those. I saw "No. 128" painted in gold figures and the key hanging over it. I went up to the boy and said : "No. 128." He had his back half turned, and without looking at me he repeated "128" and took the key down and handed it to me. When he handed it to me he looked at me and said : "Thank you, sir," and I said : "Thanks," and that was all. I got into the lift and went up in it with some other people and got out on the third floor. I went down the corridors, looking at the numbers, and when I got to 128 I put the key in the door and opened it. I took the key out of the door, went into the room and closed the door after me. It was a double room with two beds in it. There were a lot of toilet things on the dressing table. I opened some drawers. There were women's underclothes in them and there were shirts and socks. In one drawer there was a leather box. It was locked, so I couldn't open it, but it was small enough to put in my pocket. I hesitated, with the drawer opened, looking at it. There might be some valuables in it, jewellery or even money, and I didn't want to take anything really valuable. What I wanted was something I could sell in the shop by the harbour for the equivalent of a pound

(*Continued on page 490*)

Sketch by John Pimlott

"Hello," the man said, "what are you doing?"

Honey-Moon Couple *(Continued)*

which would get me a meal now and something to eat on the forty-eight hours' journey back.

WHILE I was standing looking into the open drawer, a key turned in the door and it opened. In the looking-glass I saw the chamber-maid who had opened the door with her key and I saw a man and a girl coming into the room past her.

"Hello," the man said, "what are you doing?" They had shut the door again behind them.

The first feeling I had was annoyance. It could have all worked out so simply and easily. I had been even feeling rather pleased with the talent for crime I had shown. That was probably perverse, but a lot of us have that streak in us, I daresay. Now the game was up. I remember, for some reason, I thought about Avé, and that I should never have left her, no matter what. But I hadn't much time for thinking; I had to say something.

"I was just looking for something to take," I said. There was no good beating about the bush. All the same, I didn't say "steal," I said "take."

"How did you get the key?" the girl asked. She was not so tall as Avé. She was pretty, though, in her own way.

"I just asked for it," I said. I felt bad. I think if the man had been alone I wouldn't have felt so bad.

"I suppose you make quite a racket of it," he said.

"No. As a matter of fact, I only thought of the idea this afternoon."

They looked as if they were only married a short time. The way they glanced at each other and took up the questioning alternately and . . . Oh, well, there are a thousand little ways of telling things like that. I felt very envious of them, thinking of Avé and myself. That feeling of envy was almost as strong as the other feeling of shame at being caught at such a low trick.

"No money?" the girl asked. "Or are you just a professional crook"

"No money," I said, "though I suppose you think I'd say that anyhow."

"No, I wouldn't," she said. "I've been in holes myself."

That surprised me. She didn't look the sort to whom life had ever turned a cold cheek.

In the end we sat down. The girl on one of the beds and the man and myself on chairs and it seemed they weren't going to hand me over; they weren't going to do anything about finding me at all. I thought I understood how they felt. I thought they were so much in love with each other that they were seeing life like a rose-coloured dream, like a flower on a still summer morning just opening out. And because they were so happy with each other it made them sympathetic about others, about someone like me. So I had to tell them something about how I had got into the fix I was in, about myself and Avé. I didn't tell them everything, but just about as much as I thought I had to. And all the time I felt envious of them being so much in love.

"It's tough all right," the girl said. "Life's apt to be like that . . . tough, I mean. You don't get many breaks unless you make them."

"It looks like you two have got one," I couldn't help saying.

"We made it," she said. "Do you know what we are?"

I thought I knew, but I didn't say anything. I waited to hear her tell me.

"We're a professional honey-moon couple."

"What?" I said.

"That's it," she went on. "They hire us in hotels like this to please the guests. Of course, they don't know they're being pleased, but they are. They like to see a young couple like us around. It makes them feel romantic. So it's good business for the management to have at least one couple like that. Sometimes they do in the ordinary way. But they can't rely on that, so they make sure by hiring a professional couple."

I thought I had heard of most rackets in my time, but that was one I hadn't known about. And the first feeling I had was one of relief, a sort of satisfaction that I needn't feel so envious about them.

"You do it very well," I said. "You took me in."

"We've got into the way of it," she said. "We just can't stop. At first we had to keep acting." They both laughed.

"Look here," the man said, "we're leaving to-morrow. We've got a fortnight with a hotel up north. A month is about the longest they keep you in one place. They have to change; someone might get in on it if they had the same couple all the season. They haven't fixed up anyone here yet to take our place. Why don't you have a go at it, you and your wife?"

I had to smile at that. Avé and I as the romantic honey-moon couple! Yes, I had to smile. The girl must have seen how it struck me. She said:

"You don't have to be in love with each other. You don't even have to like each other. It's the same as on the stage. You just act. The only difference is that the audience doesn't know you're acting."

SO I began to think again and I suddenly saw that it would give me an excuse to be with Avé without going back on what we'd said. And in my heart that's what I wanted more than anything.

We talked a bit more and we fixed it up that I would get Avé and bring her to the hotel and we'd have a sort of try-out in front of the manager. Anyhow, he'd look us over and if we looked like what the public wanted he'd sign us on.

It was seven and I would have just time to get Avé before she caught the night train.

I went to the station and I caught her just as she was coming on to the platform.

I don't think she was so very surprised to see me. But when I said for her not to go but to come to the Splendide with me, she was surprised. I didn't tell her about the way I had met the other two. I only told her about how we might be able to stay there for nothing and get a little money as well for doing it if the management liked the look of us.

"The only thing we've got to do," I said, "is to act as if we were just crazy about each other."

(Concluded on page xiv)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton

No. 1

Scene: A dinner party.

Time: A lull in the conversation.

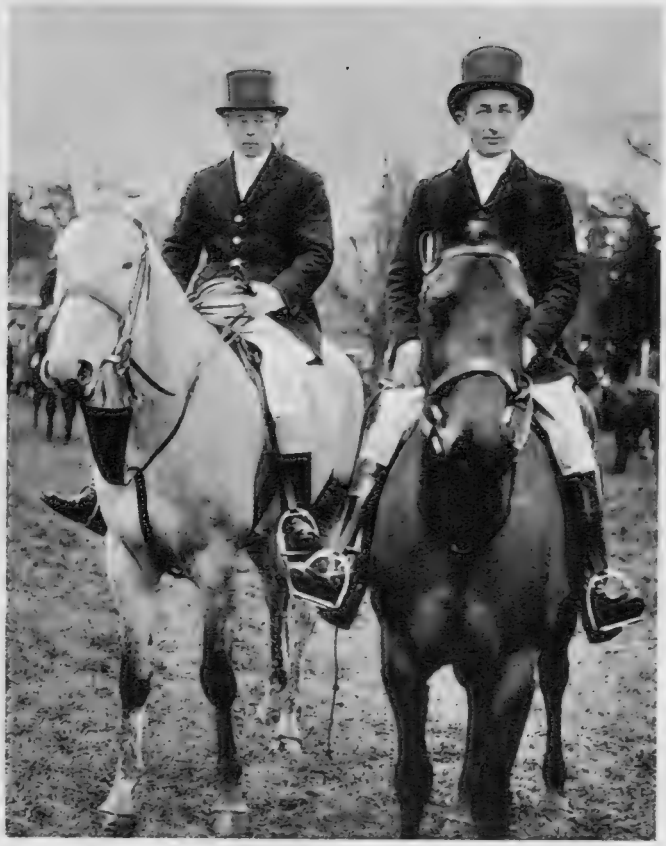
Major-General B. shouts down the table to the Retired Governor: "Why did you come back from Biffisland so soon, my dear fellow?"

Everyone present, except Major-General B., knows that the Governor was asked to resign on account of his gross incompetence.

Query. What should the host or hostess do?

Mr. A. J. Munnings Goes Hunting

A. J. Munnings (left) lives at Dedham, in Essex, and was at the St. Osyth meet of the Essex and Suffolk. He's talking to Mrs. C. H. Furneaux, and Mrs. Munnings is talking to Colonel Furneaux, who is an ex-Master of the Colchester Garrison Beagles



A Duke on a Grey Horse

The Duke of Norfolk it is, and with him is Mr. Adrian Scrope, whose home county is Yorkshire (he trains at Sledmere). They were at the Quorn meet at Gaddesby

Chasing Foxes and Steeples

Watching Soldiers

Mrs. Richard Agnew and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Frankland were at the Salisbury Plain Military Meeting on a wet day

Lord and Lady Northesk

The Northesks and a Labrador from their well-known kennels were at the Bucks and Berks Staghounds' meet at the Hotel de Paris, Bray. They live at Shurlock Row, near Twyford. Lady Northesk was Elizabeth Vlasto

Swaebe

Another Soldiers' Point-to-Point

In this group are the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, Captain and Mrs. Stirling-Stuart, and Lord Cadogan, who is engaged to Miss Yarde-Buller. They were all at the joint Scots Greys and Heythrop point-to-point at Showell Farm, near Heythrop

Photographs *Swaebe*

The British Ice-Hockey Team Was Welcomed at Wembley

Mr. Vassar Hunter is president of the British Ice-Hockey Association. He welcomed Erhardt, captain of the victorious British Olympic team, on the occasion of their challenge match with the Americans at Wembley Stadium last week

Mr. A. J. Elvin made his first public appearance at the British-American match after a two-weeks' 'flu attack. He is the managing director of Wembley Stadium, Ltd.

Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett (wearing carnation), a member of the International Olympic committee, sat between Lord and Lady Burghley at the Wembley match dinner. The Americans revenged their Garmisch defeat by beating our team 4 goals to 3

Sportfolio

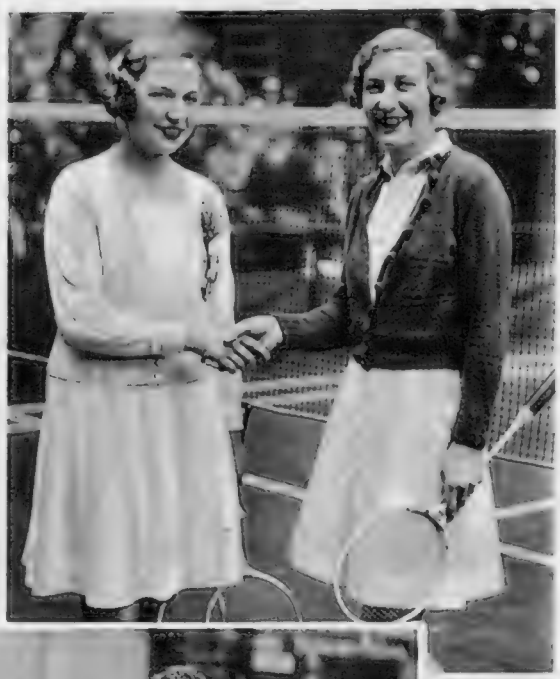
Poole, Dublin

Lady Dunn Was on the Boyne

Irene Lady Dunn makes her contribution to the sportfolio by fishing for salmon in the Boyne: she was staying near Slane, Co. Meath. Lady Dunn was the Marchioness of Queensberry before her marriage to Sir James Hamet Dunn in 1926

Right: left-handed Miss Kingsbury beat Mrs. Uber, the holder, in the ladies' singles of the All-England Badminton Championship; later, Mrs. Uber, with Hume, beat Miss Kingsbury and I. Maconachie in the mixed doubles

Below: R. M. White, the men's Badminton champion, lost his title to R. C. F. Nichols, at the Horticultural Hall. White and Nichols are old rivals, each having held the title twice; they showed a very fine game



The Badminton Championships Were Played at Smith Square

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Women's Golf

London Foursomes at Sunningdale: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FIRST of all, will everybody please note that the entry form for the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes is on page xiv, and that entries close Easter Monday, at latest. Royal Mid-Surrey are most generously allowing the men's course to be invaded as well as the ladies', a round on both for every couple, of course, and so, if only April 21st is fine, we ought to be in for a great day.

One simply could not ask for anything better than an exact replica of the first day of the Ladies' London Foursomes. It was suddenly and deliciously balmy, and everybody was overjoyed. Sunningdale New Course is new to the majority of women, and very impressive it is, and extraordinarily pleasing, too, because you get right away into the country with only wide stretches of heather where once Queen Victoria reviewed troops. But golfing troubles are plenty: a medal round there might be a nightmare, but it is so inspiring that miracles could surely happen instead.

None did the first day, nor even a surprise worth mentioning. The pair who seemed most likely to come through the whole thing were the Lady Golfers' Club, for Miss Cradock-Hartopp is one of the best Foursomes players that ever kept her head in a crisis, and she had Miss Garnham to partner her. Miss Hartopp went on with her far-famed putting, and though they only won at the nineteenth, the length of the match was not from weakness on their part, but some extremely sound fighting on the part of Oxhey, for whom Mrs. Vernor Miles and Mrs. Gilbertson between them perpetrated such things as a holed chip, any number of long putts, and gave no hint of how out of practice they were. Both sides played the short holes perfectly, putting the shots really adjacent to all except the seventeenth.

IT was like old times to see Miss D. R. Fowler out for North Hants, and winning moreover, though she and Mrs. MacLeod did go down in the afternoon, at the twenty-first hole, to Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Floyd for Thorndon Park. That was perhaps rather a lengthy affair on so lengthy a course, though it was pleasant enough to be out in the country for any length of time; the three 8 and 6'-ers of the first round, West Byfleet, Walton Heath and Sonning seemed to cut matters rather too short, and the Lady Golfers only went a hole further, after they seemed to have thoroughly settled down to the business in hand.

Accordingly it was all the more surprising to find them defeated next morning, not really by outstanding golf so much as by their own mistakes. Addington were their victors (Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness), who were so inspired by that affair that in the next round they were level fours for fourteen holes, and gave no chances to Walton Heath, beating them by 6 and 4.

The Finalists at Sunningdale

Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness (Addington) lost to Diana Fishwick and Mrs. John Gage (Wentworth) at the twentieth hole in the Women's London Foursomes' final—the second of two gruelling games for the Wentworth pair. In the centre is Mrs. Morrice, hon. sec. to the Women's London Foursomes

THOSE were the best figures of the day, extremely good when you consider the nasty cold, so sudden an infliction after the first day's sun. The Barton sisters were out in 35 in the morning, and in the afternoon Miss Pam played as good a tee shot to the tenth as ever I hope to see at any short hole, for it pitched within two feet of it, and actually ran backwards an inch or two, no more. But I do wish she would learn to think a bit more before, or instead of, going out for the spectacular, gallery shot that gains nothing. At the eleventh, for instance, they lay in heather, quite out of reach of the green even if they had been on the fairway. Anywhere out with an iron would have left Miss Mervyn an easy shot on. Instead of that, Miss Pam takes wood, hits, I grant you, a fine shot, but so far to the right that poor sister had no earthly chance of staying on that very tricky green. Miss Pam Barton has such possibilities, but they will all be wasted if she refuses to think. They lost that hole, and very nearly the match as well, for Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Gellatly stuck to them like a couple of limpets and refused to be shaken off until the eighteenth.

IF you talk of sticking, though, commend me South Herts who, when two down seemed certain against Chislehurst, holed quite a considerable shot out of the heather to win the twelfth in 3, the opposition having reached the green in two fine ones. Cruel, but golf.

So was Wentworth's beating of Worplesdon, because Mrs. Greenless swings the club so beautifully and has come on so vastly since her trip to Australia that it was a big disappointment not to see her play some more rounds. Perhaps Mrs. Clarke has played and won so many foursomes with Mrs. Gage that she felt completely deranged at being against, not with, her; anyway, Mrs. Gage and Miss Diana Fishwick (who played very well indeed) deserved to win. The holders seem so far to have escaped mention. Camberley Heath have good reason to trust Miss Chambers and Miss Palmes, precisely as they trust each other, but I don't feel they are playing as well as last year. Still, let me not prophesy, for this letter must go before semi-finals are played.

AT all events, scores incurred now, can be wiped out during the year in the *Star* Tournament. The draw is out, a record entry of sixty-one clubs, the strongest vowing vengeance on the holders, West Hill, and the weakest gingering themselves up with the thought that on paper, West Hill looked most unlikely to win. That is what gives spice to all inter-club golf, whether foursomes or team, and why Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and Mr. Anthony Spalding are such benefactors of the golfing race.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Earlier Stages

Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey) were walking between Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Greenless (Worplesdon) on the new Sunningdale course on the first day of the Women's London Foursomes. Both pairs were to be beaten by the winners (Wentworth)—the Worplesdon pair in the third round, and the Misses Barton in the semi-final. Right: Miss Palmes and Miss Doris Chambers (Camberley Heath)—the holders—lost to Addington in the semi-final

Shaw Wildman

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Champions—On Form and Off

I AM afraid we all take a ghoulish delight in watching at golf the champion being extended and worried by an unknown player. The atmosphere in an Amateur Championship is never so tense as when a champion is two down to a player to whom he can usually give three or more shots. The news flashes across the course and everyone rushes to see the champion endeavour to dig himself out of the hole in which he finds himself.

The champion, in truth, is probably not playing very well, and as usually happens when a player is not quite hitting his shots, the run of the green is against him and very often most aggravatingly against him, while the unknown, on the other hand, is on the top of a wave and can do little wrong, and when he does, a lucky run of the green throws the ball where it would have gone if a really good shot had been played.

Fortunately, when all seems lost, the champion nearly always pulls himself together at the last moment, and scrambles home frightened and exhausted.

WE all like to see champions chased, worried, and in grave danger of defeat, but I am sure we all, in our heart of hearts, would be extremely disappointed if they did not pull through at the end of the match.

There are some people who love to decry the play of champions and winners of big competitions, and I suppose that the present Open champion received more criticism than any of his predecessors, and I believe the sole reason was that he employs an unorthodox grip.

There is a large amount of luck, as we all know, in the game of golf, and if the element of luck was not present, there must be many players who would give the game up. However, in a competition decided by medal play over seventy-two holes, the element of luck is reduced to the absolute minimum.

To say that Perry was an unknown player and had no chance is ridiculous, as he had played in our Ryder Cup team, reached the final in the *News of the World* competition, and won the Surrey Open Championship (the most difficult to win of all the County championships) on three occasions, and the Assistants' Championship on two occasions. It is, therefore, all the more pleasing to see that since his victory at Muirfield Alfred Perry has been successful in his matches.

He halved his single in the Ryder Cup match on foreign soil against the Open champion of the United States of America; he had a comfortable win against Bert Hodson in the challenge match between the Croydon and District Golfing Alliance and the Essex Professional Golfers' Union, and he has won the major prize at three meetings of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance this winter. In winning two of these prizes he produced the most astounding golf.

LAST December when the meeting was held on the course of the Chertsey Golf Club, playing in fog so thick that the finish of a half-shot with a mashie niblick could not be seen, and on a course on which he had never played before, Perry returned 70, broke the record, and was successful by the big margin of four strokes. It was a truly wonderful performance, but some of the credit most certainly should go to his caddie, without whom he could not have played a single hole.

At the meeting at Wentworth this month, before lunch, Perry beat bogey by nine holes on the East Course, usually known as the Old Course, but as he is rated a better player than Colonel Bogey, and consequently has to concede him two strokes, his return was seven up.

Perry seems to like the Old Course at Wentworth as, besides this success, he has won the Surrey Open Championship and the Assistants' Championship on it.

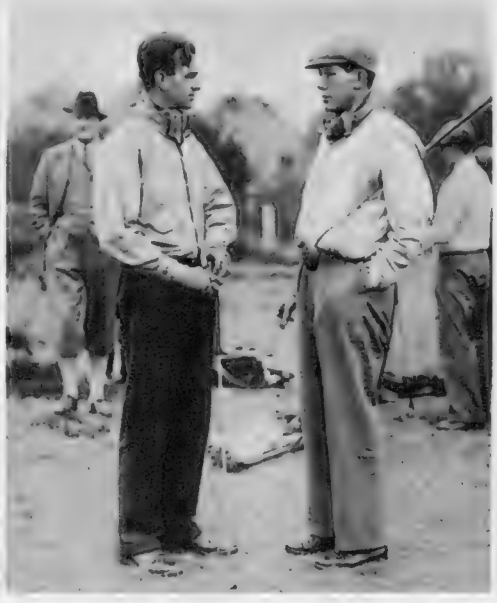
Sir Ernest Holderness and Mr. D. S. Allom played for Walton Heath against Oxford University; they beat Anthony Duncan and Bobby de Quincey by 2 and 1

ANOTHER champion who has been most successful in Guildford Alliance meetings this season is D. J. Rees, the present Assistant Champion. It is difficult for anyone to say that Rees was lucky to win his title, as the year previously he had been runner-up and was only beaten by a narrow margin after a very fine match.

At Wentworth this month, on the West Course, usually known as the New Course, which is very testing and was playing extremely long after heavy rain, Rees returned a card of three up on bogey, to whom he was conceding two strokes.

There have been very few meetings of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance this winter at which neither Perry nor Rees has been in the prize money.

R. R. Costain and W. Carr were two more Walton Heath victors on their own course; they beat the Oxford pair, Hanson-Lawson and Greenly by 7 and 6



The Hon. Charles Russell and Mr. C. Thain contributed to Walton Heath's victory over Oxford (7 matches to 4) by beating Clark and Low by 3 and 1

IT will interest all old University golfers and many of the general golfing public to hear that the Cambridge University Golf Club is running a ball. It will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Tuesday, March 31st. Tickets (price 21s. each) can be obtained from the Secretary of the Cambridge University Golf Club, P. B. Lucas, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and E. F. Storey, 26, St. James's Street, S.W.1. The proceeds will go to the National Playing Fields Association.

This ball should benefit an Association which has done—and is doing—tremendous amount of good to those who have no, or unsatisfactory, places in which to play games.

The Guildford and District Golfing Alliance is also giving a dance, probably early in April, at Guildford, and it will be interesting to see if the professionals place their feet on the ballroom floor with the same ease and nonchalance as they do on the golf course.

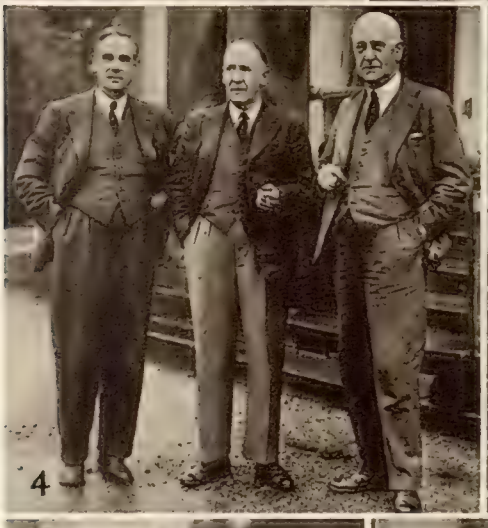
Listen to the song of the syphon . . .

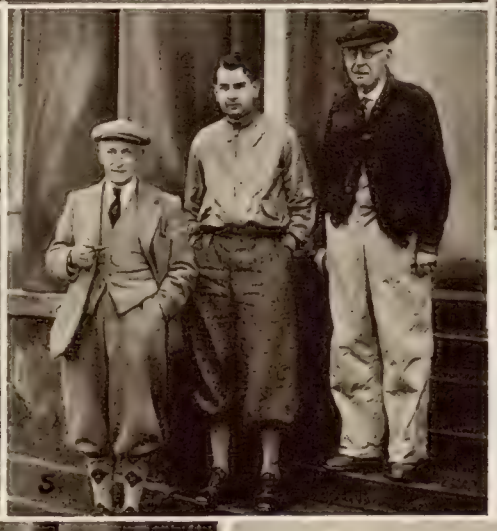
Schweppes Soda Water is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Golf Clubs at Home

Brockton Hall, Stafford

(1) G. E. Nuttall (president) and R. M. Evans (ex-president). (2) Capt. Todd (secretary), P. H. Shaw (ex-president, hon. treasurer and committee member) and F. W. Harrowell. (3) J. H. Wears (committee member), H. L. Underwood (vice-president and committee member) and R. P. Ward (ex-captain and committee member). (4) R. MacDonald, W. H. Bannister (ex-captains) and E. V. Jones. (5) J. Kirkwood, P. E. Underwood and P. H. Brewster (ex-president and committee member). (6) F. Till (ex-captain and committee member) and E. M. Cornforth (captain). (7) J. M. M. Bloor (ex-captain and committee member) and V. E. Bloor. (8) C. W. Attwood (committee member) and Charles Owen. (9) A. Williams and C. A. Winks (professionals)





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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

General Smuts: By A. G. Macdonell

THERE is no public man alive to-day in the British Empire to whom the title of Statesman can be more fitly assigned than General Jan Christien Smuts. Nor is there anyone in the Empire—outside the Royal Family, of course—who commands such universal respect. A passionate lover of his country, he fought brilliantly and doggedly against Britain. He accepted defeat nobly, and loyally abode by the terms of the peace treaty. Then he turned all his great energies to the task of reconciliation. Finding a congenial and sympathetic soul in Campbell-Bannerman, he gradually overcame the old bitterness, and the feats of arms of the South Africans in the World War were the outward and visible signs of his astounding success. Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin has written a biography of this great man, or, rather, the first volume of a biography, under the title, *General Smuts* (Faber and Faber; 18s.). She takes the story down to the end of the campaign in German East Africa. The first part of it is painful reading. The Boer War is not an episode of which many Englishmen are very proud nowadays, and the arrogant rantings of Milner and the burning of the farms make a sorry tale. But Botha and Smuts were bigger men than Milner, and within an hour or two of the German invasion of Belgium Botha telegraphed to London to say that South Africa recognised its obligations to the Empire, and he released the British garrison for service in France. Then in 1916, Smuts, the old master of guerrilla warfare, took the field at the head of a powerful army and opened a campaign against another master of guerrilla warfare. It was a strange reversal of fortune, and Smuts found von Lettow-Vorbeck as difficult a nut to crack as he himself had been to Kitchener fourteen years before. But the Empire had other, more desperate, needs than a victory in the jungles of Tanganyika, and Smuts came to London. There the first volume ends. Mrs. Millin has told her story clearly, if somewhat ungrammatically. Her reprinting of Sir Owen Seaman's dreadful poem against Smuts will not enhance the reputation of that bard.

WHAT a fascinating character Arnold Bennett was! What a buoyancy, and what lovely vitality! His letters to a nephew have just been published (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), and they are packed with gusto and boyish boasting and a huge enjoyment of life. His capacity for work was a never-ending source of amusement and admiration to him. Over and over again, he stands back from himself and exclaims: "Was there ever such a worker as this Bennett? Three-quarters of a novel in two months, and always dancing all night," or words to that effect. The whole atmosphere is most deliciously unselfconscious. Bennett was a Great Lover in Rupert Brooke's sense. He passionately adored theatres, and yachts, and money, and dancing, and fame, and music, and important friends, and literature, and food, and lots and lots of other things. These letters are a human document of the most revealing kind. And they reveal a most lovable character.

MR. VALENTINE WILLIAMS is an old and trusty hand at the creation of melodrama and mystery. His latest is *Dead Man Manor* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), and the scene is the very unusual one of French Canada. The Manor is an old house in the woods among the lakes, and all the local inhabitants speak nothing but French, and the air is full of eerieness and tragedy. The hero is an elderly tailor from New York, and that, too, is an unusual stroke. This book can be recommended to pass away an hour or two.

ALMOST entertaining, and entirely original, book is *Song for Sixpence*, by Mr. Geoffrey Pollett (Longman's; 7s. 6d.). The author is a poet, and a New Zealander, who took out a police-licence as a pedlar, and set out across the South of England to peddle his poems. This is the description of his journey. He went on foot, with a pack on his back, and called from house to house and from village to village. His reception varied in an amazing way. Sometimes flat and blank iciness; sometimes a grudging sixpence; sometimes friendliness. (By the grace of Heaven, Mr. Pollett came to my house just after I had had a large lunch, and it appears from his pages that I acted civilly towards him.) Miss Ethel M. Dell refused to see him at all. Winchester was uniformly hostile. Laurence Housman, of course, was enchanting and bought a bob's worth, and Miss E. M. Delafield was very helpful. And so on. Mr. Pollett's descriptions of the English rural scene are beautifully done, as indeed one would expect from a poet. And I should like to take this opportunity of telling Mr. Pollett that next time he is passing my way, he will find plenty of beer. Troubadours and strolling minstrels are so rare these days that they must be cherished.

MISS ANNE LOUISE STRONG is an American journalist who visited Russia at the time of the great Volga famine in 1921, and has been an ardent Communist more or less ever since. She certainly is a lady of remarkable enterprise. Her new book is about the upturns and revolutions and civil wars of China during the last eight or nine years. It is called *China's Millions* (Gollancz; 15s.). I expect it is very unintelligent of me, but I must confess that I get muddled when I contemplate China. I get mixed up with all the different generals and the different governments. And consequently I get a much more vivid impression of Miss Strong's personal courage and indomitable heart than I do of Chinese internal politics. Bandits, battles, hunger and thirst, and awful discomfort, cannot daunt Miss Strong. Any one of them alone would have daunted me.

"THE CROATIAN SHIRT" (Barker; 7s. 6d.) is a novel by Mr. T. B. Marle about post-war Vienna. The hero is a bogus Count who lives by his wits, and has a remarkable family resemblance to Vicki Baum's attractive German adventurer (whose name escapes me for the moment, but you know who I mean). The interest of this rather slight novel lies, not in the writing or in the characters, but in the picture of poor Vienna. Loveliest, gayest, softest of cities, Vienna should never dabble in politics. And it is always head over heels in politics, and has been for hundreds of years. It ought to be content with music and wine and love-making and laughter. Politics have been the ruin of it.

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin

"Mrs. Millin has told her story clearly," says this review of her book, "General Smuts." In it she traces the history of the great statesman up to the end of the campaign in German East Africa. Mrs. Millin's book is published by Faber and Faber

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Practical and smart is the suit on the right designed by Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street and Chancery Lane. The single-breasted coat is belted, while the trouser skirt is most ingenious, as there is a semi-detached front panel which conceals the division when the wearer is standing still. It is ideal for golf and other country pursuits, as it affords perfect freedom and comfort. This firm are experts in the art of tailoring, and are showing some delightful travel coats with an extra large wrap-over. In some cases these are single-breasted with a belt across the back, and a double upstanding collar. There are also tweed coats with fur collars which may be removed as the season advances, and others in reversible lamb's wool coating. An illustrated catalogue, however, will gladly be sent free on application

The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form

Something quite new in the way of figure control has been brought about by the Vassarette, a foundation garment which recently made its début in this country. Though absolutely free from bones and as soft as silk, it nevertheless gently but firmly moulds the figure, giving uplift and support where needed. Every garment is controlled by "retention" threads which reduce the sideways stretch, while a loose waist cuff prevents tightness or any tendency to ride up. Under her negligée, the figure standing above is wearing an "All-in-One" model combining belt and brassière. This has a clearly-defined waistline and flat suspenders. Like all Vassarettes, it has a lengthway stretch, giving a slim flowing line. There are many other styles to choose from, including panties, brassières and girdles for day and evening. They are sold nearly everywhere, but in case of difficulty the name and address of the nearest agent will be sent on application to Vassar, 168, Regent Street

Photographs by Lenare

These decorative pyjamas are carried out in floral silk, and may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. They only cost 55s. 9d., and are quite plain with a belted coat faced with satin. The man-tailored dressing gown which accompanies them is full length with satin collar and cuffs. It is priced at 45s. 9d., and there are several charming colour schemes to choose from

THE gown is certain to have been created by any one of the *grands couturiers* of the Rue de la Paix. The hat designed by any one of the famous Paris *salons* from Alphonsine to Reboux. Little shops you've never heard of in Vienna share with shops everybody's heard of in London the pride of fashioning the shoes. In but one sphere has a monopoly been granted . . .

She CHOOSES to grace her lovely legs with BONDOR

BONDOR

Chiffon Silk STOCKINGS

Hold them up to the light and see for yourself
that not a blemish shadows their sheer loveliness

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THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

discovered by peta; pictured by pam

Beads threaded and twisted to look like braid are used for these accessories from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. They are made in sets of various colours, and include clip, bracelet, brooch and earrings, the latter costing two shillings

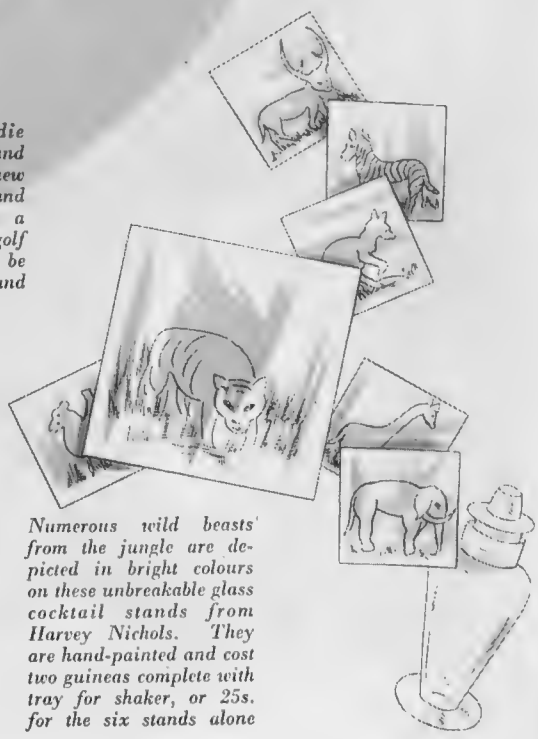
There is something very original about these short, square gloves in coloured suède from Gooch's, Brompton Road. They are hand-sewn with stitched gauntlets, and cost 13s. 6d.

Tudor ruffs and Puritan collars are new notes this season. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing some charming variations, including the Quaker collar on the right made in pique and organdie. It costs 9s. 11d.

A three-cornered scarf is never superfluous, as it rings a welcome change on a dress, and can be tied in several ways. This one is made of fine wool fabric, checked and striped. It comes from Gooch's, and is priced at 15s. 11d.

Butterfly jabots in white cloque may also be seen at Harvey Nichols. This one is backed with organdie which makes it crisp and upstanding, while it fastens with a single button and costs 7s. 11d.

This amusing caddie dressed in red flannel and check plus fours is a new recruit at Swan and Edgar. He carries a clothes brush in his golf bag, and could also be used as a hat stand



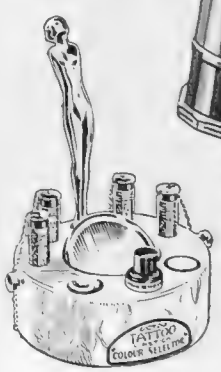
Numerous wild beasts from the jungle are depicted in bright colours on these unbreakable glass cocktail stands from Harvey Nichols. They are hand-painted and cost two guineas complete with tray for shaker, or 25s. for the six stands alone

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible colour for lips . . . instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO ! Put it on like lip-stick . . . let it set a moment . . . then pat it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting South Sea red that only time can remove . . . and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness they have never had before. Four luscious shades . . . each attuned to the spirit of red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all four on your own skin

4/6



FOUR STARTLING NEW SHADES

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

NO. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

NO. 4 is the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

TATTOO

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'Plane Talks on the Tarmac

By Charles Ward

"Tommy" Rose at Croydon after breaking the record from Cape Town to London. He flew the same Miles "Falcon" with which he won the King's Cup last year. On the right is C. W. A. Scott, winner of the MacRobertson Trophy with Tom Campbell Black as co-pilot

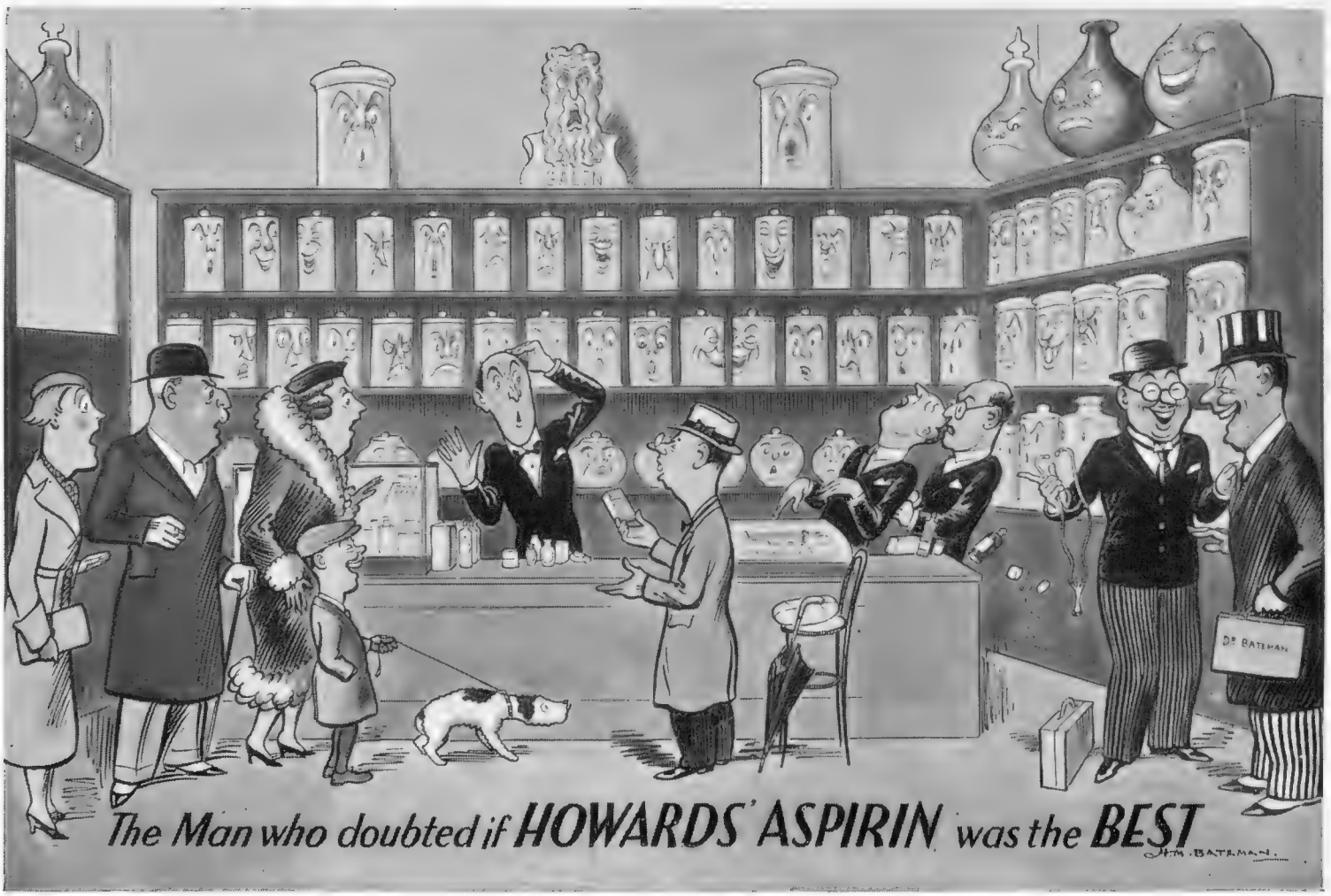
To the Cape and Back

ONE more name has been added to the select list of long-distance record-holders — that of Flt.-Lieut. "Tommy" Rose on the route to the Cape and back. His 'plane was the same Miles "Falcon" in which he won the King's Cup last September at an average speed of 176 miles an hour. The engine was a Gipsy Six of 200 horse-power. Whereas the outward journey occupied less than four days, the flight home took six days seven hours, this disparity being due partly to continuous head-winds from the Cape, but also to a delay in Tripoli on account of the political situation between England and Italy. In spite of an unauthorised landing at Benghazi and a flight over territory which had been closed by the Italian Government to civil aircraft, these incidents had a happy ending. When it became known that Flt.-Lieut. Rose had a good chance of breaking the record, Marshal Balbo himself gave instructions that every possible help was to be given. The flight was continued via Tunis, then non-stop across the Mediterranean to Cannes, the last stage to Croydon being made in five hours with an intermediate halt at Lyons. Naturally, the engine was wonderful, being a Gipsy—it didn't "cough" once on its 15,000-mile journey nor on a 5,000-mile tour of the Union.

Personalities

C. W. A. SCOTT, who is seen with "Tommy" Rose in our picture, is shortly to start his tour of Great Britain, carrying on the Cobham Circus, the control of which he has taken over. Many new features will be seen at this Display, which is to be given at more than 100 towns during the season. Meanwhile, Sir Alan Cobham has retired to Ford, in Sussex, there to continue his experiments in refuelling as a full-time job. The association of Flying Officer Glover and Capt. Davy, whose photographs also appear in this issue, renews an old acquaintanceship, for both at one time served in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Flying Officer Glover has been the subject of a good news story on more than one occasion. In 1926 he was presented with the Spanish Flying Medal by King Alfonso for rescuing two Spanish officers who were lost in the desert for a fortnight between Cairo and Baghdad. He was also rewarded by the Carnegie Trust last year for rescuing a young

(Continued on page viii)



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'Plane Talks on the Tarmac

Continued from page vi)

parachutist who was choked by his necktie when making a descent. Glover landed the 'plane successfully whilst holding the unconscious parachutist on the wing. Colonel P. T. Etherton, one of the organisers of the Mount Everest Flight in 1933, is flying to Jeddah on the Red Sea. He is to advise the King of Arabia on the development of air services between the Red Sea ports and the Persian Gulf.

At Heston. Captain Davy, right, chief instructor to the Airwork School, talking to Flying Officer A. M. Glover, who has recently joined as his assistant

The "Flea" on Tour

A NEW company, Carden-Baynes Aircraft, has been formed at Heston to build a light two-seater around the 30-h.p. Carden engine. Mr. L. E. Baynes designed the engine for a sailplane, to enable it to reach its soaring height from flat country, and he also assisted Mr. Appleby with a modified "Pou du Ciel." At the present time there is a "Flea" on tour, arrangements having been made with garage proprietors in the principal towns whereby it is exhibited in a showroom from Monday till Friday, with demonstration flights on Saturday and Sunday. In the hands of a skilled pilot, a properly rigged "Flea" can provide lots of fun, but amongst some hundreds being built by amateurs in back gardens, spare bedrooms and garages, very few have flown successfully. The Air League which sponsored the "Flea" in this country, has a test pilot available for anyone needing advice in the final stages of construction, and the initial flight. From the large number of amateur constructors, a few with bright ideas will no doubt contribute to the solution of a very knotty problem, namely, to design a really cheap two-seater, which is safe to fly anywhere over land in normal weather. The Air League offers a new benefit to its members—free insurance when travelling by a British air service in any part of the world. The scheme operates from terminal to terminal, the only condition being that tickets must be booked through the League.

A Light Two-Seater

THE Aeronca with a "Jap" engine, delivered to a customer in Johannesburg by David Llewellyn, is quite the lowest-powered light 'plane that has ever flown so far from home. Its engine, judged by car standards, would be rated at 12 horse-power. "Jap" does not refer to its country of origin but to J. A. Prestwich, the designer of the engine. The Aeronca sells at £395, with a guaranteed overhaul charge of £10.

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**Your Throat Protection, Against Irritation...Against Cough*

Cars with a Personality

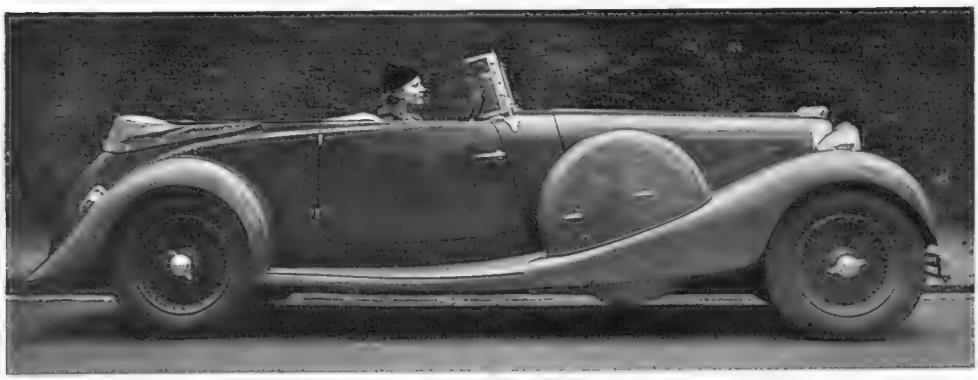
The 4½-Litre Lagonda : By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is often said that nowadays there are no bad motor-cars. This, I believe, is true; but the all-round improvement prompts one to make yet another generalisation. Nowadays there are very few motor-cars so supremely good as to stand out at all above the common level.

The 4½-litre Lagonda, in its latest form, will be generally acclaimed as being one of the exceptions. Here is a car which is quite frankly built for the motoring connoisseur. The open touring model is priced at exactly £1000—and it is calculated, unless I am much mistaken, to give the enthusiast a very full thousand pounds' worth both of pleasure and of satisfaction.

IN the matter of speed this is one of the very few standard models in the world which will do a real, honest 100 m.p.h. It will reach this figure with the engine at 4000 r.p.m. With the same "revs," 80 m.p.h. can be attained in third gear, while in the excellent second gear there is a 60 m.p.h. maximum—all this with an engine of about 29 h.p. rating.

(Continued on page xii)



The appearance of some cars is deceptive—but not that of the 4½-litre Lagonda. It is just as fast and powerful as it looks, besides being very quiet and extremely comfortable. This open model is priced at £1000 exactly

A neat and unusual feature. There is a spare-wheel cover on each side, but one is a dummy. This contains an extensive tool-kit, and also the controlling mechanism for the hydraulic jacks

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SHAVE CREAM
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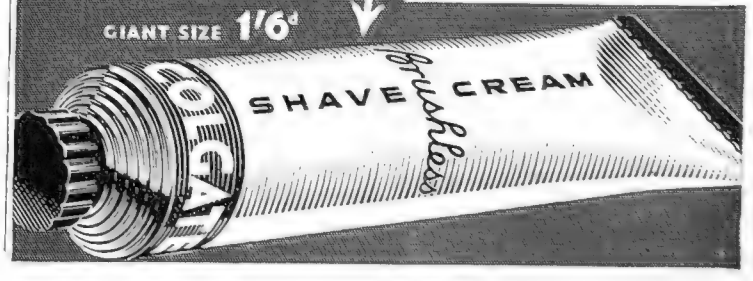
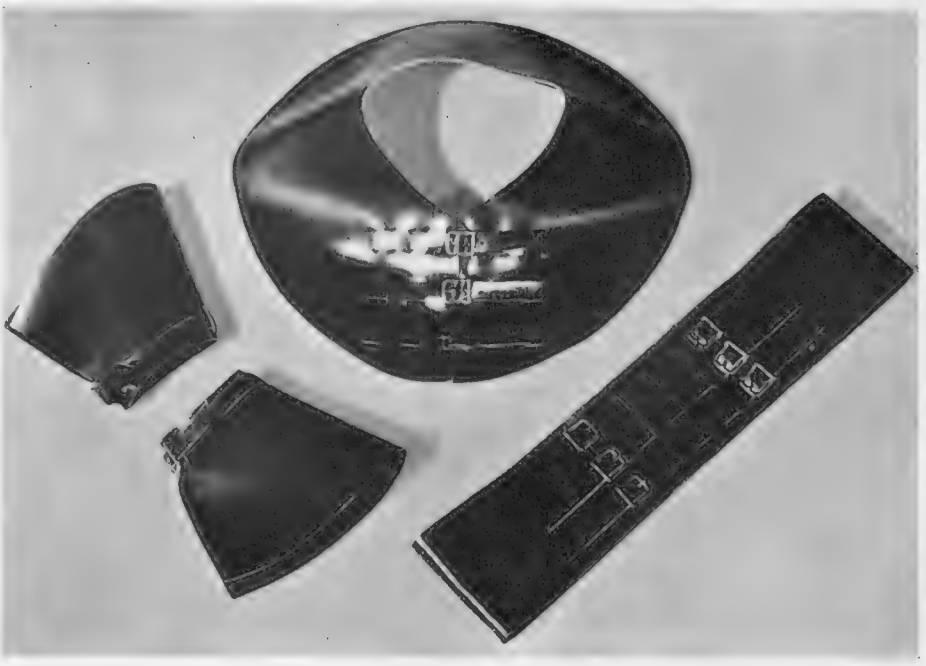
Save time every day with Colgate's Brushless Shave Cream, the sensible shaving method that makes all others look clumsy and old-fashioned. Spread it on—it goes on smoothly, never lumping, never clogging your razor—shave it off as fast as you please, and appreciate your cleaner, more comfortable face. No shininess, no stickiness. Not just better shaving-without-a-brush — *better shaving of any sort.*



Modern Accessories and Aids to Beauty

Leather for Day and Flowers by Night

So much of a woman's grace and individuality in the matter of dress depends upon her accessories, particularly this season, when lines for both day and evening are essentially simple. Flowers are prominently featured at night and appear in all sorts of unexpected places. Anemones, for example, are sewn together to form a waistcoat with a cape back, while forget-me-nots make charming pendants with earrings to match. Sprays for the hair are still fashionable, though small clips with a single flower are more youthful. Net capes, either short or three-quarter-length, are worn over evening frocks, and sometimes they are strewn with appliqué flowers. Interest in day clothes is largely centred round collars and belts. The former are chiefly in lingerie, either piqué or crisp organdi, and include Tudor ruffs and pleated jabots. With tweeds, however, leather, either patent, suède or calf, is substituted. A set consisting of collar, cuffs and belt in fine calf is shown on the right. Belts are very wide and fantastic in design. Some are studded with jewels, others shaped like reptiles. There are many, of course, that are quite plain save for a large and decorative buckle.



More About Flowers

Talking of flowers and their many uses, Bronnley's have created a series of delightful Gardenia Toilet preparations which include bath cubes, dusting powder, and beauty soap. After a long and tiring day there is nothing more soothing to jaded nerves than to be able to relax in a hot bath delicately scented with Gardenia Bath Crystals. These not only soften the water but have a very refreshing and invigorating effect. They are packed in attractive jet-black bottles and cost 2s. 6d. Then, with regard to the Beauty Soap, this is specially prepared so as not to harm the most delicate complexion. It draws out all impurities and leaves the skin clear and sparkling. Last but not least, there is Bronnley's Gardenia Perfume, which is exquisite in its fragrance, and imparts a subtle, mysterious charm. It is sold practically everywhere, and is very moderately priced.

Cars with a Personality

(*Continued from page* x)

These, however, are bare figures. They give little idea of what I can only term the "exciting" quality of the Lagonda's performance. The acceleration is very fine indeed, especially when full use is made of the gear-box. There is a feeling of almost unlimited power—and it is a grand sensation to make a quick getaway in "second," change into "third" at 50, into "top" at 70—and to run on to 80 or 90 or even the full 100 m.p.h. if the road is open and straight enough to permit of it.

The driving position is very well planned. Below the steering-wheel may be seen the control which modifies the action of the shock-absorbers

The car's road-holding is magnificent. I have driven a few—a very few—sports models which have been faster, but never one which has "sat down" more solidly when taking bends at these high speeds. Generally there is some slight feeling of side-sway, which one can just detect. With the Lagonda, there seems to be none at all.

The back seat of an open sports car is generally uncomfortable; but it is not so in this case. The passenger sits low in the car, thus gaining extra protection, and enjoys a generous amount of leg-room

I feel that I am in danger of giving the impression that this 4½-litre model is a "hot-stuff" sporting proposition — just that and nothing more. Actually, this would be quite a fallacy. The engine, considering its top gear ratio of 3·66 to 1, is astonishingly flexible. With no need for a change "down," it will run as slowly as 5 m.p.h., and can then be accelerated with perfect smoothness, and without a trace of "snatch." It is also commendably silent, and in this respect compares well with many cars of the more sedate type.

It is pleasant to find a sports car aiming at silent efficiency at a time when so many so-called sports models lay true claim to power only in their exhaust-pipes.

To show that my critical faculty is not entirely deadened by 100-m.p.h. motoring, I think that a synchro-mesh second gear would represent a worth-while improvement. For the rest, I cannot avoid a continuation of my eulogy. The brakes (Girling type) are quite admirable, and the springing, considering the wide range of speed over which it has to operate, is wonderfully good. The steering seems to me to be above reproach. Finally, the seating, especially at the back, is far above the general sports-car average.

In short, I rather wish I knew where I could lay hands on £1000!

King's Pattern

This graceful and dignified design is a commanding feature of the pieces contained in the good-looking Mahogany Cabinet we illustrate here Bow shaped in front and fitted with Harrods A1 quality silver-plated Spoons and Forks; stainless steel Knives with mirror-finished blades and Ivoride handles

Service for 12 persons.

CONTENTS

12 Table Knives	12 Dessert Spoons
12 Cheese Knives	12 Teaspoons
5-Piece Carving Set	12 Eggspoons
12 Table Forks	4 Sauce Ladles
12 Dessert Forks	1 Sugar Tongs
6 Table Spoons	2 Mustard Spoons
12 Soup Spoons	2 Salt Spoons

£29-10-0

This is only one of many fine designs available in various woods, such as Oak, Walnut, & Rosewood

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

The Sign of Truthful Trading

This new two-piece is

one of the most becoming adaptions of a monk's robe that we have ever seen. The soft angora cloth dress tied with many coloured plaited cords is worn under a silk-lined cape coatee, with enormously wide sleeves. Black, navy, and a few other colours. From stock and to order 9½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

London's Foremost Fashion Specialists

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440.

The Honey-Moon Couple

(Concluded from page 490)

She came back with me. I think she was glad, too. When it came to it she hadn't liked going back alone, ruling out five years of life as wasted, over. She liked the idea of getting paid for a honeymoon, too. That 's one thing Avé always had, no matter what—a sense of humour.

The manager didn't make any trouble about taking us on. " You 'll do all right as far as looks go," he said. " I don't know anything about you and I don't want to ; it 's not my business ; but you 've just got to act as though you were a few days married, see ? Perhaps you don't have to act that or perhaps you do. That makes no difference. You 've got to be together and keep around the hotel in the evenings, in the restaurant, in the dance-room, in the bar. You know the stuff ? Well," he ended, " That 's fine. Enjoy yourselves."

By then I was pretty hungry so we went into the restaurant and had dinner. Afterwards we danced together. Somehow I was feeling a bit shy of Avé. That was a new way to feel. I suppose it was having to be so much together after we had been keeping out of each other's way for the last few months. In the little cheap hotel where we had been staying we had had two rooms.

You just can't feel you 've got a grievance against a girl who you 've spent the whole evening with, eating and dancing and bathing and laughing ; with people looking at the two of you with a sort of half-envious, half-pleased look. You begin to feel just like what they think you 're feeling about her. Oh, well, if you were a born actor perhaps you wouldn't, but neither of us were that.

There was an awkward moment when the evening was over and we were alone together in our room. Just a moment when we didn't know how to stop the acting and be ourselves again. And by then we weren't sure if we wanted to be ourselves.

" We 've had a good evening," I said. " It 's been fun."

" Oh, yes," Avé said, " acting is quite fun, especially when you 're paid for it."

" I 've earned money in a lot of different ways," I said, " but this is about the best way I've found yet."

So even when we were alone together we kept the acting up. It was what the other two had done and it 's the only way to make a success out of the honeymoon racket. You 've got to act so as you take in yourselves.

That 's what happened. Of course, I see that that 's what 's almost bound to happen. There 's so much suggestion about falling in love anyhow, and if you 've got an audience all the time suggesting in a hundred different ways that two people are mad about each other those two people will end by believing it, too. At least, they will at first. Perhaps couples who make a living like that get blasé, but we didn't.

After about three days we didn't have to act at all. The only thing we had to do was to see we didn't spend too much time alone together.

" You know, darling," Avé said to me. " It 's a great discovery. It 's the way to get back all the lost romance. Others might try it, too. I don't mean professionally, but just playing at it for its own sake to an appreciative audience and letting suggestion do the rest."

How sweet she looked saying that, with a little half smile at the corners of her sulky mouth !

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1936)

At Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (12th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Tuesday, April 21st, 1936.

Holders : MISS AUDREY HOLMES and MISS EILEEN YOUNG.

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Monday, April 13th, 1936.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (12th Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Tuesday, April 21st, 1936

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at .....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* .....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30 ; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 13th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 14th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course ; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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NEW COATS FOR SPRING and early SUMMER

COAT DEPARTMENT
(FIRST FLOOR)

Above:
NEW TWEED COAT cut with the full swing back and made from good quality material. It can be obtained in Black-and-White, and other new mixtures. Lined. Price **7½ Gns.**

Left
THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH TWEED COAT perfectly tailored, from excellent quality tweeds. Scarf ends are finished with velvet to tone, making the coat suitable for town or country. Price **7½ Gns.**

Made in our own workrooms.

Illustrated Booklet sent Post Free.

JAY'S Ltd
Regent Street,
London. W.1

• GETTING MARRIED :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yevonde

Vivienne Parker

Is the daughter of the late Cecil Parker, of Walton Hall, Lancs., and Lady Lever, of Newell Hall, Warfield, Berks.; she is engaged to Michael Barclay, elder son of the Rev. and Mrs. Barclay, of Tittleshall, Norfolk

Lenare

Blanche Roche

Has announced her engagement to Henry MacKay Seward, eldest son of Mr. Bertie Seward, of Bordeaux, and the late Mrs. Seward; she is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Roche, of 1, Eccleston Sq., S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Enid Fraser

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fraser, of Redhill House, Lydney, Glos.; she has become engaged to R. F. N. Aldrich-Blake, eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. Aldrich-Blake, of Weston Hall, Ross-on-Wye

Pearl Freeman

Eileen Joscelyne

Eileen Mary Joscelyne, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Joscelyne, of Barnt Green, Worcs., has announced her engagement to John Snagge, second son of His Honour Judge Sir Mordaunt and Lady Snagge, of Cedar House, Iver, Bucks.

Pearl Freeman

Hilary Wildman

Hilary Margaret Wildman is the eldest daughter of the late Stanley Wildman and Mrs. Wildman, of The Homestead Greet, Winchcombe, Glos.; she is engaged to Dr. Brian Preston Stone, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rayden Stone of Eastontown, Horrabridge, Devon

Navana

Joanna Conran

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Philip Conran, of First Avenue, Hove, Sussex; she is engaged to Ronald Leslie Paine, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Paine, of Helouan, Furze Hill, Hove

Navana

Phyllis Clark

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clark, of Eastwood, Boreham Wood, Herts.; she is engaged to Derek Cyrus Topham, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Topham, of Maryland Downage, Hendon, N.W.

Kay Vaughan

Naomi Bromley

Naomi Dorothy Lee Bromley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Bromley, of 36, Queen Anne St., W.1, has become engaged to Dr. R. A. P. Hogbin, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Cairn Hogbin, of Highlands, Osterley Park

Lenare

Joan Margaret Hill

Is engaged to Evelyn Farrance Anderton, only son of the late Mr. Anderton and Mrs. Anderton, of Torquay; she is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hill, of Hassocks, Sussex

Lafayette

Emmeline de Falbe

Is the second daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. de Falbe, of Wittington House, Lichfield; she is engaged to David Fremantle, only son of Sir Francis and Lady Fremantle, of Bedwell Park, Hatfield

Kay Vaughan

Joan Grazebrook

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Grazebrook, of Himley House, near Dudley; she is engaged to Norman George Hulbert, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hulbert, of Hartley Wilney, Hampshire

Douglas

Joan Claudia Johnson

Has announced her engagement to Hugh Joseph Riddle, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Riddle, of 80, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.; she is the daughter of the late Claude Johnson and Mrs. Archibald Douglas, of 80, Elm Park Gardens

Fayer of Vienna

Dollar — Lockwood

Graham Dollar, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dollar, of 13, Hyde Park Gardens, and Beryl Lockwood, elder daughter of the late Charles Barrett Lockwood and the late Mrs. Williamson, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Sinclair — Caffyn

James K. Sinclair, eldest son of the late Norman Sinclair and Mrs. Sinclair, of Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire, and Catherine Caffyn, youngest daughter of the late Robert Caffyn and Mrs. Dupen Caffyn, of Dorking, Surrey, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Through an error, the above picture appeared in our March 4th issue with details beneath it of a wedding last April between Mr. Batchelor and Miss Lettice Darling. The correct details we print below

Rivett-Carnac — Darling

Charles Rivett-Carnac, second son of the late C. Rivett-Carnac and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, of Queen's Gate Place, S.W., and Lorna Darling, eldest daughter of the late Bertie Darling, and Mrs. Whitlaw, of 26, Hans Road, S.W.3, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Devlin — Casson

Mary Casson, daughter of Mr. Lewis and Dame Sybil Casson, of 74, Oakley Street, Chelsea, was married at the Church of Our Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, to William Devlin, son of the late W. J. Devlin and Mrs. Devlin, of Aberdeen

Ellis — Anders

At St. John the Baptist's, Bishop's Monckton, Stanley Thomas Ellis, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ellis, of Clova, Ripon, Yorks., married Irene Noel Anders, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anders, of Littlethorpe Hall, near Ripon

MacLellan — Fairlie

Margaret Jannetet Fairlie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fairlie, of Ardnacraggan, Callander, Perthshire, was married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, to William Walter MacLellan, of Stirling

Richardson — Gibson

At the Church of St. Mary Abbot, Kensington, Marion Gibson, daughter of the late Hon. Edward Gibson, and granddaughter of the late Lord Ashbourne, was married to Neil Richardson, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson

Hollins — Fennell

Henry Edmund Hollins, of Eldermere, Ilkley, Yorks., elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hollins, of Pleaseley Vale, Mansfield, and Miss Jane Fennell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fennell, of London, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Colquhoun — Cowan

Beryl Cowan, daughter of Lt.-Col. H. G. Cowan, of Littleton, Cheshire, was married to Brian Hugh Colquhoun, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the son of Mr. A. H. Colquhoun, of Blackheath

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S PLEASE

10 FOR 6d. IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS 20 FOR 11½

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C. 316.

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

"It's Fun to be Fooled"

The little man with his feet in the air is Emmett Oldfield and the big bully is Walter Dare Wahl, and they are the laugh-combination in the Dorchester cabaret, carrying on the chain of giggles set up by their predecessors, Sailors, Diamonds and Caligarys

The Dorchester

THE Hollywood Starlets are here till Easter, anyway; they are one of the Dorchester's most popular batches of girls, and deserve it. The whole show is as good as any in the revue-cabaret succession; a double view of it one evening last week—dinner and supper versions—confirmed that impression. The ten o'clock and the twelve-thirty shows are different—same people but different numbers—and the earlier one is a good bit shorter. Neither of them, anyway, is a moment too long. The stars, Florine McKinney, Dolly Arden, and Walter Dare Wahl and Emmett Oldfield have been praised before, but those two funny men must get another "recommend" for being so really funny. And quite lately Naunton Wayne has come back. He was one of the first cabaret compères and has the perfect method for the job—wearing a kind of cheerful vague despair about the inanity of the whole thing—himself, the turns, the audience.

Dining at the Dorchester couldn't be pleasanter. As accompaniment to the extremely good food, there's a tzigane orchestra which plays quiet sentimental tunes that one doesn't seem to have heard before. They also take a turn later at dance music, which is new, isn't it?

Finally, there's one lunch recommendation—a Russian chicken pie called Cournic, made in a sort of large pancake, with eggs, mushrooms and some insidious sauce which no doubt breaks every diet rule, but is so good, who cares?

The Ritz

THE Ritz has certainly been one of the most consistently successful restaurants in London since it went gay for the Jubilee last year. Like the rest it had a quiet week or two after King George's death, but since supper life began to resume its normal course, the Ritz has been fuller and fuller every week. One extension night it was "to capacity"; there literally was no way of getting a table after about 11.45.

the Dorchester

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

JEAN CARMEN

ONE OF THE

Le Roy Prinz

"HOLLYWOOD STARLETS"

APPEARING NIGHTLY AT

the dorchester

WITH

FLORINE McKINNEY

DOLLY ARDEN

NAUNTON WAYNE

AS COMPÈRE

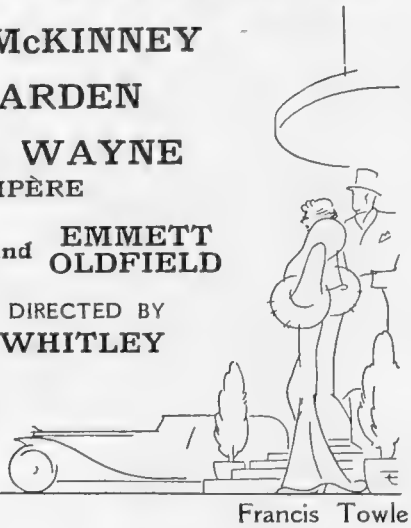
WALTER DARE WAHL and EMMETT OLDFIELD

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

CLIFFORD WHITLEY

DANCING TO

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND



Managing Director Francis Towle

London Nights

Meeres and Meade

Paul Meeres and Barbara Meade are the dancers from "Follow the Sun" who are appearing this week in the Ritz Café Chantant. They dance divinely well

There 've been some good cabarets since Christmas, two turns one remembers with particular pleasure being the French diseuse, Germaine Sablon, and those two pianists who we hope to see here again this side of the summer. This week Vic Oliver has been engaged to do compère; he 's amusing and has personality and is in *Follow the Sun*; but for the sophisticated Ritz audience he 'll have to keep changing his jokes, good though they are.

Meeres and Meade are back, also from *Follow the Sun*. They are two of the best ballroom dancers London 's seen for years; lovely movers and polished to the *n*th degree, they appear to dance for their own special pleasure and to be unconscious of their audience. They are really fascinating to watch.

The May Fair

THERE 's a new cabaret here this week, a trio of turns as usual, and as usual spaced out with dancing in between. George Beatty, an American entertainer, has some typically U.S.A. wisecracks and stories and gets his laughs without making jokes that debutantes shouldn't understand. (Good news for parents.)

He shares the programme with three dancers called Destry, Delso and Juan, who we 'll bet are pretty active and acrobatic, and an imitator whose name, Jacques Tati, is as yet new.

New Clarges Restaurant

THIS is a great place for people to come who want to talk or "have it out": there 's no music, no noise. At dinner-time one night last week there were several parties who had obviously picked the New Clarges as the setting for a serious conference. A man and a girl talked so much, so earnestly and so long that their waiter looked quite concerned about the obviously rather good dinner they were neglecting; two women hurried in, ordered, asked to be served quickly, had a heads-together discussion and then

(Continued)

went off looking as if they had found strength to deal firmly and rapidly with something or someone ; near them a family council of five was being held—more conversation that needed unobtrusive surroundings and the inspiration of suitable food and wine.

Less engrossed people come with the simpler intention of eating well. Some of the best things on the menu are the early delicacies of British origin—oysters, various lobsters, tortue verte des Indes, Scotch salmon, poussin de Sussex, asperges du Kent au beurre du Somerset, spring vegetables from the Channel Islands. Foie gras is a thing to remember here ; shipments come weekly from Strasbourg. Also that champagne is about twenty-five per cent. cheaper here than elsewhere.

A number of private customers buy their wine regularly from the celebrated New Clarges cellars which owe their reputation to Mr. Harwath's vast connoisseurship. There's a wonderful list to choose from, and several of the wines are hardly to be got elsewhere in London.

New Clarges — Foyer and Restaurant

It's very discreet, cool, and easy to the eye—the décor of the New Clarges ; green and white in the foyer and honey and biscuit colour in the restaurant. It's all on the street level, and opens its windows to the spring air—when that comes

Bon Viveur Club

THIS sets another excellent conversational stage, but a much more frivolous one. The Juan-les-Pins décor doesn't encourage tenseness, and when the little band in the balcony starts to play, you may as well stop arguing and be flippant, or attend to that delicate faery piece of steak if that's what you ordered.

You might have done worse because steak in its various wardrobe is one of the best things the Club kitchen produces. Another is langoustine maison, which means with rice and Newburg sauce. It's not always on the menu because langoustines (or Dublin Bay prawns) are temperamental and won't always be caught, but order it when it is. All the things that come into season about now are to be had here in their first ecstatic excellence. Mr. Alec Waugh had a party here the other day and gave a special command for salmon trout, another sea food that can be as illusive as it's exquisite.

Another piece of local literary news was that Mr. Tickell chose the Bon Viveur as home for

FOR IRRESISTIBLE DANCE MUSIC !

Broadcasting from the HEADLAND HOTEL NEWQUAY Saturday April 11th at 9.50 p.m. West Regional)

PHILIP BROWN AND HIS BAND

6 Livery St., Birmingham 3.

Write for Illustrated Brochure.

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A new Ritz — with cabaret stars to entertain you nightly. Dancing to JOE KAYE'S Ritz Band. Extension—Wednesday

TELEPHONE: REGENT 8181

Telephone : GROS. 1150

le bon viveur

shepherd market, mayfair

direction

la cuisine par excellence

v. davico

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant

Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE rebuilding of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant. Café, Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely modernised, with large and small suites of rooms and every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Foyer, Café and Grill in Clarges Street are famous throughout Europe for their Cuisine and Wines ; and specialise in Oysters, Lobsters, and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock. Good car parking in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.

Telephone : GROSVENOR 2964 Telegrams : CLARGHOTEL, AUDLEY, LONDON.

This Isn't the Riviera—It 's the Bon Viveur

A new impression of the Bon Viveur "terrace"—where the tables look out on a Mediterranean view with the Juan plage as foreground

a party to celebrate his promotion into the Book of the Month ranks, when his *See How They Run* was chosen.

As long as that witty *Bonne Chance* is on, there ought to be even more coming and going between the Curzon and the Bon Viveur than usual. Guitry and the Bon Viveur atmosphere go perfectly one after the other.

Two more very small details of approval are for the unusually but satisfactorily large coffee cups and for the little earthenware butter-jars. For some reason or other butter is twice as good out of these as it is in the common pat.

Tabaris Club

THIS is new—that 's to say about four months old—and in Bruton Place. It 's a small lunch, tea, cocktail, dinner, and supper club that supplies a rapidly increasing want in the locality—a pleasant place to eat simply, cheaply and well or to go for a friendly before-dinner drink. It opens at eleven a.m. with coffee and rolls, and you can come in any time up to two a.m. next morning for supper. (Sundays—12.30 to midnight). There 's a good little lunch for 2s. 6d. and a four-and-sixpenny dinner; the à la carte menu is well planned and includes a ten-item grill list and a bunch of American specialities.

Jack is the barman and very much a feature of the Club; he 's shaken cocktails in various of London's meeting places, including the Dorchester, whence he came here.

The decoration is effective, and particularly the night-panorama of the harbour at Rio de Janeiro which fills one wall and produces a credible illusion even before you 've had your drinks.

The Tabaris Club—Another Outdoor Illusion

Left: in Bruton Street there 's another "terrace"—the Tabaris Club. One looks out on Rio de Janeiro, and you drink your cocktail under a mock South American moon

A club like the Tabaris is really a direct challenge to Soho. The English are beginning to know how to answer their own questions about eating and drinking.

London Casino

THE London Casino is a complete innovation in London life, or rather, will be, for it won't be open till the end of the month. The old Prince Edward Theatre has been completely gutted and is being turned into a huge terraced restaurant, with a semi-circular dance floor and a stage behind.

It 's to open at 6.30 every evening, and after that the programme is a mixture of eating, dancing and watching. There are two shows nightly, the first one divided into two parts, given at 7.15 and 9.30 with dancing between, and the second (supper) one given straight through at midnight.

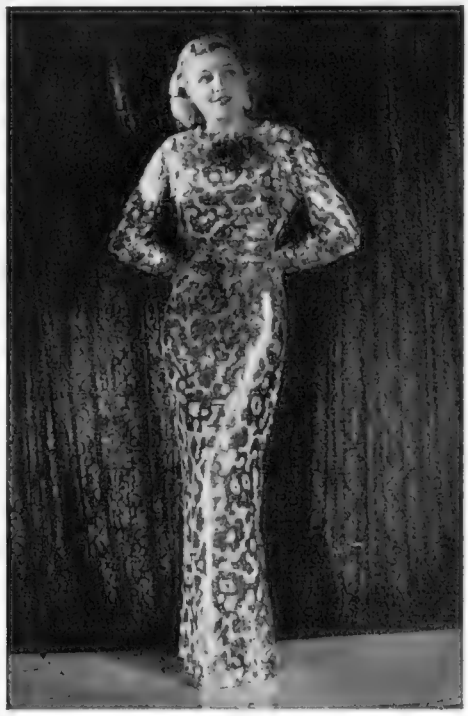
The show is to be a girls-and-music revue on a super-spectacular scale. The first one is *Folies Parisiennes* from Miami, with a cast of a hundred, and said to cost £20,000 to put on. There 's a link-up between the London Casino, the French Casinos of New York and Miami, and the Ambassadeurs, Paris, and productions will come on here from one or other of the sister establishments.

Poulsen, of the Café de Paris, had this big idea about a year ago, and is organising it on behalf of a big syndicate.

Jack Harris who makes the Café de Paris dance music, is directing the dance bands here; there are going to be two, combining into an orchestra of thirty to accompany the show.

If only a real casino could be attached as part of the fittings, there 'd be nothing left for Londoners to go abroad for.

E. L.



Polly Franck

This luxurious blonde is one of the principals in the new show, "Folies Parisiennes," that is coming to the London Casino when it opens in a week or two between Piccadilly and Leicester Square

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 18—March 24

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Mary Jerrold is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Irene Brown is an unpleasant aunt: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—This play continues in its mystifying way; Frank Vosper heads the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—A tangled skein of forgery and love with Leonora Corbett, David Horne and William Fox; Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE IBSEN CYCLE.—*A Doll's House, Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler,* and *The Master Builder* repeat themselves in that order fortnightly, for three days each. Lopokova, Jean Forbes-Robertson and John Laurie play the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen, with Celia Johnson as Elizabeth, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, and Leueen Macgrath as Lydia; décor by Rex Whistler: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective: Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast. Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RED NIGHT.—Robert Donat manages and leads in this powerful propaganda play about a young man in the war; also John Mills and George Carney: Queen's. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Breaks the record for length of this play's run. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair, Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

ST. HELENA.—Sherriff's and Miss de Casalis's new play about Napoleon's last days moves, with Kenneth Kent in his Old Vic part, to Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

A WINTER'S TALE.—William Devlin and Vivienne Bennett in the old and ever-new story: Old Vic, 8. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 9.

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers Delysia and Steve Geray are in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed Sat., 2.30.

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FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 73.—Gus Chevalier returns to the programme, well backed in humour by Hugh Rene. Scenes are set in Mars, Egypt, and Victorian England, and there is a pink and silver ballet: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Charlot's new revue is by Arthur Macrae; lyrics and music by Vivian Ellis; June and Arthur Riscoe are the stars: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's revue has Dorothy Dickson, Ivy St. Helier, and Nelson Keys in it: Saville, to-night.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A comedy by Will Freshman. Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs, and Athene Seyler take part: Apollo, Tuesday, 24th.

CINEMAS

BONNE CHANCE.—Sacha Guitry wrote and directed this film in which he and Jacqueline Delubac take an unofficial honeymoon on the winnings of a lottery: Curzon

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan is a waiter in this second-run comedy, and Fay Wray is the charming waitee: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.—French film of Dostoyevsky's novel, Pierre Blanchar as Raskolnikov; Chenal directed: Academy.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.—The American (Radio) version of Dostoyevsky, with Peter Lorre as Raskolnikov Plaza.

FORTRESS OF PEACE.—A film about Mt. St. Michel, also Lotte Reininger Silhouettes, and a musical film by Louis Alter, news and magazines: Tatler.

I LIVE MY LIFE.—Joan Crawford's film with Brian Aherne is supported by Edward Everett Horton in *His Night Out*: Dominion.

THE MILKY WAY.—Harold Lloyd is a milkman in his new farce, and Adolphe Menjou trains him as a boxer: Carlton.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy-satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

OUR WILDERNESS.—A character piece about American home life, with Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, and Aline McMahon: Empire.

RHODES OF AFRICA.—Walter Huston as the great patriot, Basil Sydney as Dr. Jameson—also Oscar Homolka and Frank Cellier: New Gallery.

STARS OVER BROADWAY.—Jean Muir, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh in a musical spectacle of the Warner variety: Regal.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor's new film, with Sally Eilers and, of course, the Goldwyn Girls: London Pavilion.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come.* Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

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SADLER'S WELLS:

THE BARTERED BRIDE.—To-night, 18th, 8.

FAUST, WITH BALLET.—Thurs., 19th, 8.

FALSTAFF.—Sat., 21st, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI.—Sat., 21st, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARNAVAL, THE BLUE BIRD, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, JOB.—Fri., 20th, 8.30.

CASSE NOISETTE, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Tues., 24th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

EVERYDAY THINGS EXHIBITION.—Kitchen and living-room equipment and decoration, at the R.I.B.A., 66, Portland Place, 10—8.

ARTHUR WATTS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Portraits, Landscapes, Sketches: 148, New Bond Street.

CONCERTS

Recitals

ZACHAREWITSCH.—Makes his reappearance with a sonata recital, assisted by Sylvia York Bowen: Æolian Hall, to-night, 18th, 8.30.

TAMARA AMIREDJIBI; AND COENRAAD GOMPERTS.—A piano and violin sonata recital at the Æolian Hall, Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

GASPAR CASSADÓ AND FRIEDRICH WÜHRER.—A 'cello and piano sonata recital includes Bach's in D major, Beethoven's in A major, and Brahms's in E minor: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

TATIANA ANGELINI.—The Swedish child coloratura soprano, with Anders Timberg (tenor) and Mary Ramsay at the piano: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

ANTONIO BROSA AND FRANZ REIZENSTEIN.—The sonata recital includes the first performance of Hindemith's Sonata in E; also works by Haydn, Schubert, Dvořák, and Debussy: Æolian Hall, Fri., 20th, 8.30.

FRANCES ALLSOM AND PHILIP WARDE.—A recital of songs and duets at the Grotrian Hall, Fri., 20th, 8.30.

ROTH QUARTET.—Second recital by this four is a Beethoven one—quartets in F minor, E flat major, and A minor: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 21st, 8.30.

MARJORY MORAY.—A song recital, with the Stratton String Quartet and Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Mon. 23rd, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* L)

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What's On

(Continued from page 1)

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.—With the B.B.C. Chorus, conducted by Albert Coates, in Shostakovitch's 'Lady Macbeth of Mtensk"—first concert performance in England: Queen's Hall, to-night, 18th, 8

L.P.O.—William Kirby of Harvard University conducts them, with Norman Tucker at the piano in works by Beethoven, Mozart, Ravel, Holst, and de Falla: Æolian Hall, Tues., 24th, 8.15

Music Society of Graz.—The Orchestra and Chorus from this Society, conducted by Hermann von Schmeidel, in Mozart's "Vesperæ Solennes," Schubert's Fifth Symphony, and Haydn's Paukenmesse Queen's Hall, Tues., 24th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

Café de Paris.—The cabaret shows once only—at midnight; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension Wednesday.

Dorchester.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday

Grosvenor House.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show: Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

Lansdowne House.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

May Fair.—There 's a new three-turn cabaret—dancing, an imitator, and a wise cracker; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

New Clarges Restaurant.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing: the food and wines are excellent.

Oddenino's.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

Prunier's.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

Ritz.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays extension, Wednesday.

San Marco.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance extension Wednesday.

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